

BYRON

CHILDE HAROLD

TOZER

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BYRON
CHILDE HAROLD

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION



SINCE this book was published I have read the German notes in August Mommsen's valuable edition of Childe Harold, which appeared, I believe, a few months before my own. In deference to Herr Mommsen's judgment I have altered my notes on four passages, viz 1. 241, 3 878, 3 1018, and 4 1222; and I have borrowed from him a few references to other poets, whom Byron seems to have laid under contribution. I desire also to tender my best thanks to several friendly critics, who have furnished me with corrections and suggestions for a new edition.

H F T

INTRODUCTION.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London, in the year preceding the French Revolution, on the 22nd of January, 1788. His family was of ancient lineage, having come over to England with William the Conqueror, and of this he was proud, for throughout life he spoke of himself as an aristocrat. In his parents he was unfortunate. His father, Captain Byron, though an attractive man, was a spendthrift, and died in France when his child was three years old, after having run through his own and most of his wife's fortune. By a previous marriage he had had one daughter, Augusta Byron, afterwards Mrs. Leigh; and to this half-sister the poet became greatly attached, so that she exercised a greater influence over him for good than any other person. His mother, a Scotch lady, had a passionate and hysterical nature, and these qualities were inherited in large measure by her son. Her treatment of him as a child was injudicious, alternating between over-indulgence and violent reproaches, the latter of which even took the form of jibes at his lameness. This defect—for from his birth he was lame of his right foot—was a continual source of mortification to him, since it marred his appearance, which, when he was grown up, was allowed on all hands to be remarkably handsome. Owing to her straitened circumstances his mother lived during the greater part of his childhood in seclusion at Aberdeen, and was to his familiarity with the coast and mountains of Scotland during this period that he owed the love of natural scenery which is so apparent in his poems. At ten years of age, by the death of his grand-uncle, he became Lord Byron, and the pos-

essor of Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, but the estate had been so impoverished by the extravagance of the last owner that it was impossible for him to live there. When he was thirteen he was sent to Harrow School, at which place of education he was the exact contemporary of the famous statesman Sir Robert Peel. He remained there from 1801 to 1805, and though during the early part of his school life he was unhappy and unpopular, he afterwards spoke of the later portion of it as a time of great enjoyment; for the head master, Dr. Drury, he conceived a strong regard, and his attachment to his school-fellows was characterised by an almost extravagant warmth of feeling. His reading at this time was discursive, and, for a boy, extraordinarily extensive, but he never applied himself to the studies of the place, and the mode of teaching then in vogue inspired him with that strong dislike of some of the classics to which he has given vent in his stanzas on Horace in Canto 4 of 'Childe Harold.' That he had his moments of meditation is shown by a tomb under a spreading elm-tree in the churchyard, which is associated with his name, as having been the place where he used to rest and muse during his vacant hours. From Harrow he went to Trinity College, Cambridge; but his life there was at no time studious, as far as the teaching of the University was concerned, and the latter part of it was extremely dissipated.

During this early period of the poet's life two circumstances occurred which exercised a great influence on his future development. The first of these was a deep, but unrequited, attachment. At fifteen years of age he fell in love with the heiress of a family whose estates were contiguous to Newstead, Miss Chaworth, and in her his youthful imagination seemed to have found the ideal of womanly perfection. She did not, however, return his affection—indeed, she was already attached to another—but the feeling which was thus awakened increased the natural melancholy of his disposition, and clung to him throughout a great part of his life. This he subsequently commemorated in one of the most pathetic of his poems, The

Dream. The other circumstance was the publication of his first volume of poems, and the criticism which it received. In 1807, while he was still at Cambridge, his 'Hours of Idleness' appeared, and in the spring of the following year it was attacked in a critique of merciless severity by the 'Edinburgh Review'. Of the book itself it may fairly be said that, though its contents were of average merit, yet they furnished but slight evidence that the writer was a man of genius: indeed, up to this time Byron's powers had lain concealed, and it was reserved for this act of hostility to call them forth. Stung to the quick by this harsh treatment, he determined at once to take his revenge, and to reveal the ability which he was conscious of possessing. The deliberation with which he set about this is a proof that he felt how much was at stake. A whole year was spent in the preparation of a reply, which was published early in 1809 under the title of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' In this clever but ill-natured satire he turned the tables on his assailants, and at the same time made a general onslaught on the poets, great and small, of the period. Its ability was at once recognised, but the writer soon repented of his scathing criticisms of his contemporaries, and at a later time frankly acknowledged their injustice, and even forbade the republication of the poem.

Having thus asserted his right to be heard in opposition to those who would have consigned him to oblivion, the young poet, devoured by spleen, embittered by disappointed love and by the reception accorded to his first attempt at poetry, and disgusted with a licentious life, which now had begun to pall upon him, left England for a prolonged journey in foreign countries, in company with one of his college friends, John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton. Proceeding by sea to Lisbon, the two travellers rode through part of Portugal and Spain, by Seville and Cadiz, to Gibraltar, and from that place took ship for Malta and the coast of Albania. That country was at this time ruled by Ali Pasha, who had made himself a semi-independent potentate, and the story of their visit to his palace at Tepelen has been recorded in verse by Byron, and in prose by Hobhouse.

in his 'Travels in Albania' After this they journeyed, through Epirus and Acarnania to Mesolonghi, which was destined many years afterwards to be the scene of the poet's death, and thence by way of Delphi to Athens. After a prolonged stay in that city they continued their voyage to Smyrna and Constantinople. Here the companions separated, for Hobhouse returned to England, while Byron continued to reside for nearly a year longer in Greece, making Athens his principal headquarters, but frequently engaged in excursions in the Morea. At length, after an absence of two years, he returned to England in July, 1811. Shortly after his arrival he was plunged into profound melancholy by hearing of the loss, either before or shortly after that time, of three of his most intimate school or college friends, and of his mother, whose death, notwithstanding the differences which there had been between them, affected him deeply.

Among the fruits of these wanderings, which Byron had brought back with him, were the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold.' These were partly composed while journeying in Greece, partly during his residence at Athens and Smyrna, and embodied his impressions of travel in Spain, Albania, and Greece. His poetic nature was one which required the aid of favouring circumstances to call it forth, and this he had found in the change and the suggestiveness of this period, and still more in its solitude, which gave him ample time for reflection. He seemed himself to be unaware of the merit of what he had produced, and spoke of his poem to one of his literary advisers as 'a lot of Spenserian stanzas, not worth troubling you with.' His own inclination was in favour of publishing his 'Hints from Horace,' an adaptation of the *Ars Poetica*, which ultimately did not see the light until after the poet's death, but he was over-persuaded by his friends, and in February, 1812, the first instalment of 'Childe Harold' appeared in print. It was received with a burst of enthusiasm. Sir Walter Scott declared that for more than a century no work had produced a greater effect. The author himself remarked—'I awoke one morning and found myself famous' In a moment he had reached the

highest pinnacle of poetic renown his name was in everybody's mouth, he became the idol of fashionable society, men of rank and distinguished authors were equally anxious for his acquaintance. To us at the present day this estimate of the work appears extravagant, though, when we consider that this poem, with its new and elaborate style fully developed, was the work of a youth of twenty-two years of age, we cannot help regarding it as an extraordinary product of genius. But at the time of its publication there were special reasons for its success. Independently of such adventitious causes as the rank of the writer, his handsome and interesting appearance, and the enterprising character of his journey, at a time when protracted foreign tours were less common than they are at the present day, the places which he celebrated were at that moment prominently in men's thoughts, especially Spain, in connection with the Peninsular War, in which England was then engaged.

The immediate result of this popularity to Byron himself was that he was plunged once more into a vortex of dissipation. It was the time of the Regency, when the life of the fashionable world in London was corrupt to a degree unparalleled since the days of Charles II. During the next three years, in the intervals of gaiety, he composed his Eastern tales—the 'Ghaour,' the 'Bride of Abydos,' the 'Corsair,' and others. At the expiration of this period an event occurred, which became the turning-point of his life. On the 2nd of January, 1815, he was married to Miss Isabella Milbanke, an attractive and accomplished lady, of good family. In the case of a person of wayward fancies and strong passions, such as Byron was, marriage was certain, under any circumstances, to be precarious, and though for the first six months the union to all appearance was a happy one, yet after that time, owing to pecuniary embarrassments and other causes which tried the poet's temper, he treated his wife with great unkindness. At the expiration of a year she bore him a daughter, Ada, and not long afterwards she left him, never to return. What was the immediate cause of this step, was at the time, and still remains, a mystery; but there can be

no question that Byron was greatly in fault. The punishment, however, which fell upon him, was out of all proportion to his deserts. His enemies had found their opportunity, and used it to the utmost against him. Though he was justified in saying, at a later time that he had never been arrogant in his prosperity ('Childe Harold,' 4 1175), yet a feeling of ill-will towards him had steadily been growing among various classes of persons, and this now made itself felt. The poets whom he had satirised, those whose envy had been aroused by his success as a writer, and as a man of the world; the ordinary English gentlemen, who were offended by his eccentricities—for he rarely ate meat, and disliked field sports, those who disapproved of his politics—for he had lampooned the Prince Regent—and of the religious scepticism which appeared in his poem^a; all with one accord raised their voices to denounce him. The most scandalous charges were preferred and believed without proof against him, and the votaries of fashion, who had the least right to cast stones at others, were the loudest in their outcry. Within a few weeks he became almost an outcast from society. His former acquaintances avoided and refused to recognise him; his house was deserted, and those who before had courted him now ceased to invite him, he was denounced in print by journalists, and at last he was followed by expressions of popular ill-will in the public streets. He himself described his position in the following words — 'I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me.' Accordingly, on the 25th of April, 1816, he quitted his native country for ever.

Agitated by mixed feelings of indignation and self-reproach, Byron once more endeavoured to divert his thoughts by travel, and betook himself first to Brussels, from which place he visited the field of Waterloo, where the battle had been fought less than a year before. Then, leisurely journeying along the banks of the Rhine, he reached Switzerland, and established himself for the summer in a villa not far from Geneva on the shores of the lake, in the immediate neighbourhood of one then occupied

by Shelley. At this period the two poets were much in one another's company, and the influence of Shelley's idealism is perceptible here and there in the poetry which Byron now composed. On one occasion they made a boat expedition together round the lake, of which both of them have left descriptions. In the course of this they were nearly lost in a violent storm off Meillerie, on the southern shore, near the head of the lake. By the end of June of this year Byron had completed the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' which embodies the feelings and impressions of this time. It is a proof of the need of some external stimulus to call out the poet's powers, that, whereas shortly before leaving England he had declared that his genius was exhausted, together with the Eastern subjects on which he had been engaged, a renewal of the same circumstances which had first evoked his highest poetry—solitude, change of scene, and fresh impressions—now caused it to spring forth anew, though in a more tumultuous form. We are told that at the time of its publication many persons thought that this canto did not reach the level of the preceding ones, and this opinion is not difficult to explain. There is no doubt that it is far superior; the political and biographical sketches which it contains deal with subjects of higher interest, and show greater maturity of judgment, the view of external nature is loftier and more comprehensive, in proportion as the Alps are grander than other mountains; and a force and rush pervades it which are not found in the previous portions of the poem. But it is quite intelligible that those who were accustomed to the stately grace of its predecessors should have felt that there was something lacking in it, and should have been only half satisfied with its more irregular movement and less even rhythm.

In the following autumn, shortly after Shelley's departure for England, Byron was joined by his old fellow-traveller Hobhouse, and in his company made a tour in the Oberland, which furnished him with ideas for his first drama, 'Manfred.' In the middle of October they crossed over into Italy and proceeded to Venice, which city the poet made his headquarters for the

next three years ; his life during that period was such as to give countenance to some of the worst imputations of his enemies. During the spring of the year following his arrival he spent six weeks in visiting the principal Italian cities and places renowned from poetic or historical recollections, including Arquà, the burial-place of Petrarch, Ferrara, with its memories of Tasso, Florence, and Rome. This journey furnished the material for the fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' which he wrote immediately on his return to Venice. This last portion of the poem is far longer than any of the others, and is usually regarded as the finest, since it combines notices of important persons and events in the ancient and mediæval history of the country, descriptions of famous and beautiful scenes, and of renowned buildings and works of art, all wrought into the web of magnificent poetry. Byron continued to live in Italy until the middle of the year 1823, residing chiefly, after he left Venice, at Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa. During these years he was mainly occupied in composing his dramas, and in writing 'Don Juan.'

The political condition of Italy at this period, with its numerous petty states despotically governed, and Lombardy and Venetia in the hands of the Austrians, was such as to rouse the indignation of a lover of freedom, like Byron ; and he longed to see the country one and undivided, in accordance with the aspirations of Italian patriots from the days of Dante and Petrarch onwards. By way of giving a practical direction to these ideas, he associated himself with some of the revolutionary societies which were then secretly conspiring for the overthrow of the existing order of things. But in 1821 an event occurred which turned his thoughts in a different direction. This was the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence, which naturally suggested to the poet the possibility of realising the dreams which had passed through his mind and found expression in his verse at the time of his first visit to that classic land. The progress made by that insurrection during the first two years seemed to give good promise of its ultimate

ESSAY ON THE ART, STYLE, AND VERSIFICATION OF THE POEM.

(N.B.—*This will be referred to in the Notes as 'Essay on Style.'*)

As the diction of 'Childe Harold' is somewhat peculiar, and the poetic devices by which it is diversified are elaborate, an examination of the most salient points in the style and art employed in it may be of service, both in elucidating the poem itself, and in introducing the student to some of the characteristics of poetry in general. These may be conveniently arranged under the heads of (1) Features of style, (2) Figures of speech, (3) Grammatical irregularity, after which (4) the Versification, will be examined separately.

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I FEATURES OF STYLE.

a. Effect produced by contrast.

This point can only be superficially touched on, as it is a feature which pervades the poem.

- (1) It can be traced in the arrangement of the subject in many parts; e.g. in the transition from the description of the gay life of a man-of-war to the poet's meditations on his own solitude (2 199), or from the thunderstorm on the Lake of Geneva to the reappearance of 'the dewy morn' (3. 914), or from the graceful surroundings of the tranquil Clitannus to the wild cascade of Terni (4 613)
- (2) Historical contrasts and changes of fortune are frequently dwelt upon, as might be expected from the pessimistic tendency of the poet's mind; e.g. in the comparison between the outward aspect and the political condition of Greece—

Unchanged in all except its foreign lord, (2 838)

or between Venice in her glory and in her slavery—

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt,
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities, (4 101-3)

or in the gentler contrast between the field of Trasimene during the battle and its appearance at the present day (4. 577).

- (3) Contrast is employed to heighten pathos, as in the description of 'summer's rain' falling on the ruined roofs of a fortress which had long withstood the 'iron shower' (3. 561). But the part of the poem which especially deserves study from this point of view is the entire passage about Waterloo, e.g. in the scenes at the ball at Brussels previous to that engagement (3. 181-198), and in such expressions as—

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure (239-241)

The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover: (250, 251)

The fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live (265)

- (4) Pictorial contrasts are introduced, as between the blazing fire and the calm bay in the night scene at Utraiky (2 622); and between the shores of Spain and of Africa, seen, the one in light, the other in shadow, in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar (2 190), and between the boiling waters of a cataract and the peaceful rainbow above it (4. 640)
- (5) Finally, contrasts are frequently traceable in the expressions and words, as—

Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great. (2 694)
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame (2 839)

To this last category belong both the antithetical epithets and the uses of oxymoron, which are mentioned below (pp. 35 and 36).

b *Dramatis* the subject

In most of the great epic poems from Homer to Milton speeches have been introduced, by which means the poet is enabled to withdraw himself from view as narrator, and his characters assume something of the position of actors on a stage. In 'Childe Harold' these would have been out of place, but the writer aims at producing a similar result by other devices, which at the same time impart life and variety to the descriptions. Thus he is fond of rapidly changing the point of view, either by apostrophising the reader, and making him receive the impressions for himself, as in the description of St. Peter's at Rome—

Enter its grandeur overwhelms thee not,
And why? It is not lessen'd, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, (4 1387-1390)

or by addressing the actors in a scene; as in the Spanish bull-fight—

Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear, (1 757)

or the localities, as—

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey (1. 612)
Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love! (3. 923)

Sometimes, again, a supposed auditor is introduced, that the poet may impart to him his musings, as—

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here! (2 19)

Of the same nature is the illusion by which a sight or sound is gradually realised, as in the 'Caritas Romana'—

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light

What do I gaze on? Nothing. Look again!

Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight, (4 1324-6)

and the sound of artillery before Waterloo—

Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street . . .

But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more. (3. 190 foll.)

methods of marking transition.

'Childe Harold' makes no pretence to unity as a poem, and therefore possesses no artistic completeness. The bond which holds it together is the personality of the poet, and that has at all events the merit of being interesting. But much cleverness is shown in the various methods by which the episodes are linked together, and the transition is facilitated from one part of the subject to another.

Sometimes the 'Childe' is called upon to perform this office—

But where is Harold? (2 136)

Thus Harold only said, and pass'd along. (3. 460)

Sometimes an exclamation marks the change, as, on leaving Lisbon for the interior of the country—'To horse! to horse!' (1. 324); on passing from Malta to Albania—'Away! nor let me loiter in my song' (2. 316); on reaching Waterloo—'Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!' (3. 145)

Occasionally an ingenious point of connection is discovered between two alien subjects; as, in returning from a digression on Parnassus to Spain, the maids of Delphi are compared to those of Andalusia (1. 648); and, in passing to the Rhine after speaking of Napoleon's ambition, the life of action is contrasted with the study of nature's works (3. 406). Especial skill is shown in this respect in the latter part of Canto 4, where the

sights of Rome are described without being reduced to the form of a catalogue; thus the Palatine leads on to the Forum, this suggests Rienzi, and when he is called 'a new-born Numa,' the mention of that king brings in by association the fountain of Egeria.

In some cases a sort of interlude is introduced; as the song of 'Tambourgi' between the subject of Albania and that of Greece (2. 649), and the description of sunset when leaving Venice to visit the other cities of Italy (4. 235).

d. Personification, or Prosopopœia.

This is where abstract ideas, and the like, are invested with personal attributes, and have a living agency ascribed to them. Spenser is especially fond of elaborating such figures with much detail, so that one of them frequently occupies an entire stanza. It was probably in imitation of him that Byron introduced several personifications on a large scale into his first Canto, viz. that of the Demon of Folly at the Convention of Cintra (l. 290 foll.), that of Chivalry (l. 405-413), and that of Battle (l. 423-431). After a time, however, the poet seems either to have tired of these, or to have found them superfluous owing to the abundance of metaphorical language in his style, for they do not occur in the other cantos. But the simpler kind of personification is common throughout the poem, and is often very effective. The following are examples—

Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood. (1. 483)

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew (1. 675, 676)

Expectation mute

Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls: (1. 748, 749)

But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear. (2. 742)

Beneath these battlements, within those walls
Power dwelt amidst her passions (3. 424, 425)

In his lair

Fix'd Passion holds his breath. (3. 792)

Where Courage falls in her despairing files (4. 556)

And Circumstance, that unspiritual god

And miscreator (4. 1122)

e. Idealised expressions for familiar objects or ideas.

Byron is often happy in inventing such expressions, and by this means dignifying what is ordinary in itself. Thus with him a bee-hive is a 'fragrant fortress' (2. 823), a bird-cage a 'wiry dome' (3. 133), a bay window a 'window'd niche' (3. 199), a ship a 'winged sea-girt citadel' (2. 249), the discharge of a cannon-ball 'the smoke of blazing bolts' (1. 409), a dance 'a sound of revelry by night' (3. 181). Similarly, of the determined defenders of a castle it is said that they 'from their rocky hold Hurl their defiance far' (2. 422); and the suspicious seclusion of women in Turkey is expressed by 'those Houries whom ye scarce allow To taste the gale lest love should ride the wind' (1. 607).

f. Similes.

In respect of these there is a marked difference between the two first and the two last cantos. In Canto 1 there are no similes, for comparisons like—

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly, (1. 28, 29)

are almost too slight to be reckoned under this head, and those in Canto 2 are few and brief (151, 491), on the other hand, in Cantos 3 and 4 they are of frequent occurrence. Byron's similes are usually compressed into a small compass, like Dante's, not expanded in the style of Tasso and Spenser; and the concentration thus given is often extremely forcible; but here and there greater elaboration is introduced, as in—

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks

(3. 289-292)

Compare 3. 129-139, and especially 4. 172-180, where the simile occupies an entire stanza. In such cases the details are rarely ornamental, but contain a further application of the comparison, as where the demoralising effect of prosperity on a nation, and its consequent downfall, are compared to the heat of the sun melting snow and causing an avalanche

Nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt (4. 103-6)

Byron's similes are drawn from a variety of sources, but mostly from objects of external nature—clouds, rocks, trees, animals, etc. Sometimes he illustrates the better-known by the less-known, or material by mental and spiritual phenomena—a process which is only occasionally admissible for the purpose of enhancing an effect, as when the steely surface of a lake is said to be 'calm as cherished Hate' (4. 1555), and the rainbow above a waterfall is compared to 'Love watching Madness with unalterable mien' (4. 648), and the precipices on either side of the Rhone valley are likened to—

Lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted
(3. 879-881)

It rarely happens that he cumulates similes, i.e. uses more than one to illustrate the same point, a practice which is common in Milton, but this also is sometimes found in 'Childe Harold,' as—

Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously (3. 394-6)

Compare 3. 280-8, where as many as six follow one another

Here and there features which belong to the simile are attributed to that to which it is compared, thus Byron says that Soracte—

From out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing (4. 667-9, cp 1557)

His similes often lose their strict form and pass into metaphorical expressions, as where the lady of the harem is said to be 'tamed to her cage' (2 544); and where the waters of the cataract are compared to souls in torment.

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture, while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet (4 617-620)

Where they are condensed into a single word they are called tropes, as—'nor *could* my cheek to smiles' (3 1052)

It is hardly surprising in one who wrote rapidly and used many metaphors that he occasionally confuses them. Thus in the following there is a confusion between water in a spring and water in a cauldron

Not is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng (3 655-7, cp 4 726, 727)

g Epithets

- (1) *Ornamental epithets*, which heighten pictorial effect; these are the commonest of all, and occasionally are powerfully descriptive, as 'lonely,' applied to the peak of Athos (2 236), 'phosphoric,' of a lake seen by flashes of lightning (3 873), 'torn,' of the storm-tost sea (3 303). These epithets are frequently alliterative to the substantive they belong to, e.g. 'wild weeds' (1 132), 'fiery foot' (1. 480), 'fairy form' (1 572)
- (2) *Idealising*. 'This purple land,' i.e. land of bloodshed (1. 269); 'dun hot breath of war' (1. 498); 'glowing hours,' for a time of pleasurable excitement (3. 194).
- (3) *Sympathetic and unsympathetic*; such as represent some fellow feeling, or the opposite, between nature and man

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore (4 505, 506)
The eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero (4. 1008)

And to the *richless* gales unmanly moaning kept (1 108)

And send'st him, shivering in thy *playful* spray (4 1617)

- (4) *Etymological*, which explain the meaning of a proper name, 'Morena's *dusky* height,' the Sierra Morena being supposed to signify 'the dark range' (1. 531, see note *in loc*); the '*never-trodden* snow' of the Jungfrau, or Virgin mountain (4 655) Possibly in '*white* Acheulous' tide'—the modern Aspropotamo, or white river (2 620), and 'Nemi, navell'd in the *woody* hills'—Nemi from Lat *nemus* (4 1549), the epithets are not etymological, but the poet's own description

- (5) *Antithetical*, where two epithets are contrasted, or the same epithet is repeated in two contrasted uses.

Their *bleach'd* bones, and blood's *unbleaching* stain (1. 906)

Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent *pale* (1 394)

To *doubtful* conflict, *certain* slaughter, bring (2 401)

Sapping a *solemn* creed with *solemn* sneer (3 999)

- (6) *Negative* the usage of these is noticeable, where they gain force by accumulation, this is specially suitable to the last, or Alexandrine, line of a stanza

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown

(4 1611)

- (7) *Anticipatory*, which anticipate a result

In his bosom slept

The *silent* thought, (1. 105)

- 1 e the thought remained, so that it was not uttered

Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,

Implore the *pausing* step, (4 1050)

- 1 e implore the step that it may pause.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong

Left the *unbalanced* scale, great Nemesis; (4 1180, 1181)

- 1 e left the scale so that it should be unbalanced.

h. Archaisms.

These are introduced into the poem as an accompaniment to

the character of 'Childe Harold,' and are numerous at the commencement, where he is the prominent figure, but become less and less frequent as the story proceeds. In the second canto they are comparatively rare, and in the third and fourth they are almost wholly wanting. Their original source is to be found, no doubt, in Spenser, but the publication of Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' not long before this time—in which the ballad of 'Childe Waters,' one of the prototypes of Childe Harold, occurs—had made archaisms temporarily the fashion. Perhaps the employment of them was directly suggested to Byron by Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' in which they are of about as frequent occurrence as in 'Childe Harold.' This is a poem of inferior merit, wholly unworthy of the author of the 'Seasons,' but Byron refers to it in his preface as one of his authorities.

These archaisms are more commonly found in the spelling, as *ee*, *joyaunce*, *conynge*, or in terminations, as *withouten*, *companie*, or unimportant words, as *ne*, *moe*, than in substantives and verbs, though such are found, as *fytte*, *feere*, *ared*. As they were mere imitations, they do not deserve serious study.

2. FIGURES OF SPEECH.

a. Oxymoron, or juxtaposition of apparently contradictory notions.

This figure is employed, sometimes for purposes of irony, sometimes to produce pleasing surprise; there is always something in the use of the words which prevents them from being absolutely contradictory.

Here all were noble, save Nobility: (1 880)

The track

Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind. (2 245)

Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes (2 404)

To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
Is lawless law. (2. 418)

Of the o'ermaster'd victor (4 141)
 The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome (4 226)
 Let these describe the undescribable (4 473)
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance (4 1398)

b **Climax**, or progressive force of statement.

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before (3 197)
 A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd (4 1280)
 Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime (4 1306)

The introduction of the description of *Tenin* is a fine instance of this figure used on a grand scale—'The roar of waters! . . . The fall of waters! The hell of waters!' (4 613-7)

Analogous to this is Byron's peculiar method of progressively limiting a statement, by which means he suggests that conviction is strengthened by reflection

Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but *not oblivion*, feebly brave (2 815, 816)
 That *two*, or *one*, are *almost* what they seem (3 1065)
 Few—*none*—find what they love or could have loved
 (4 1117)

c **Hypallage**, or transference of an epithet from one of two substantives to another, to which it does not properly apply, for the sake of variety

And *swarthy* Nubia's mutilated son (2 520)
 By Coblentz, on a rise of *gentle* ground (3 536)
 Of *blue* Friuli's mountains (4 238)

Similar transferences of meaning may be seen in—

Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle, (1. 58)
 i. e. the massive aisles were supported by strong pillars.

Cradled nook, (4 1339)
 i. e. cradle in which the infant is hidden.

d. **Use of abstract for concrete terms.**

Hurl the *dark bulk* along, (1 791)
 i. e. the body of the slain bull.

And many a tower for some *fair mischief* won, (3 440)

i. e. mischievous fair one †

Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball

Rebounding idly on *her strength* did light, (3. 556, 557)

of the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein.

The might which I behold, (3 649)

i. e. the mighty objects.

I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd

To *its idolatries* a patient knee, (3 1050, 1051)

i. e. the objects of its idolatry

Compare 'those sublimities' (4 482), 'its immensities' (4. 1400),
'the artist's toils' (4. 1364), for 'the toiling artist'

Hendiadys, or use of two substantives to convey one notion

War and wasting fire, (2 4)

for 'an explosion in a siege'

Phantasy and flame, (3 58)

for 'flaming conceptions'

Life and sufferance, (4 182)

for 'a suffering life.'

f. Asyndeton, or omission of connecting conjunctions.

Byron's peculiarity in this respect is, that he occasionally omits a conjunction between *two* words coupled together, whereas this usually takes place in English only when there are more than two

Ilion, Tyie might yet survive (1 484)

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills (1 342)

And checks his song to execrate Godoy,

The royal wittol Charles (1 509, 510)

The Bactrian, Samian sage (2 72)

The test of truth, love (1 1166)

Which streams too much on all years, man, have rett away
(4 1287)

And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear. (4 1583)

g. Anastrophe, or putting a word after one which it would naturally precede.

But these between a silver streamlet glides (1 369)

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake

With the wild world I dwelt in (3 797, 798)

It is most common in the use of the negative

And thus the heart will do which not forsakes (3 293)

Making a marvel that it not decays (3 623)

He who hath lov'd not, here would learn that lore (3 959)

3 GRAMMATICAL IRREGULARITY

The 'sense-construction,' where the meaning of a passage is regarded rather than the form, is found within certain limits in poetry in most languages, the use of it being suggested by the desire to avoid explanatory words and other kinds of prosaic diction. It should be noted also, that many of the irregularities in the passages quoted below appear less marked, when they are read in connection with their complete context.

a. Pendent participial clauses.

Until a comparatively recent period in English literature pendent participles were tolerated, though now they are condemned, and in French they are still allowed, both in prose and verse. In Byron they are of frequent occurrence, as—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me (3 5)

What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas (2. 178, 179)

The following are more abrupt in their transition

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned (3. 59, 60)

The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
 With her most starry canopy, and seating
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befell? (4 1057-9)

b. Absolute clauses

In these no connection is marked between them and the syntax of the sentence in which they stand; they are common in English poetry

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand (4 1, 2)

Other for s of anacoluthon, or interrupted construction.

He that is lonely, hither let him roam. (2 866)
 Fond of a land which gave them naught but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty (1 887, 888)

d. Elliptical forms.

(1) *Omission of the verb*

Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth, (1 13)
 for 'since thou hast been shamed'

Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal, (1 328)
 for 'nor is the goal yet fixed'

(2) *Omission of explanatory conjunction and verb*

Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear,
 Churchman and votary alike despised, (2 390, 391)
 for 'inasmuch as churchman and votary are, etc'

And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored, (4 92, 93)
 for 'because the annual marriage is, etc'

(3) *Omission of the relative or antecedent*

There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain (3 600)
 What want these outlaws conquerors should have. (3 229)

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
 Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue (1 522, 523)
 Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose (4 114)

e. Irregular agreement of subject and verb:

The feast, the song, the revel here abounds (1 487)
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits (3 596, 597)
 The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wiapt and wrap
 All round us (4 721-3)
 Are expiast
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood (4 1453-5)

f Various forms of condensed expression:

When *less barbarians* would have cheer'd him less, (2 592)
 1 e. men less barbarous
 Of *then* destruction, (4 410)
 1 e the destruction of that time
 And *lies* unconscious o'er each *backward* year, (2 211)
 1 e each year which it retraces
 And *onward* view'd the mount, (2 345)
 1 e as he proceeded
 For daunt made thy rise *as fall*, (3 322)
 1 e. as it made thy fall.

A special form of condensed expression is *zeugma*, or the use of one word with two others, when it properly applies to only one of them.

Banners on high, and battles pass'd below, (3. 420)
 for 'banners waved on high.'

Of hasty growth and blight, (4 81)
 for 'sudden blight'

The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight. (4 1443, 44)

g. Anticipation of a substantive by a pronoun.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of *him*,
 The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind (4 388, 9)
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and *his*,
 The starry Galileo (4 484)
 This must *he* feel, the true-born son of Greece (2. 783)

4 VERSIFICATION

a The penserian stanza

The stanza occupies an intermediate position between the continuous verse of an epic poem like 'Paradise Lost' and the pointed brevity of the couplet. Though it does not possess the full dignity of the one or the concinnity of the other, yet to some extent it unites the merits and avoids the disadvantages of both. From being longer and more complex than the couplet it can express an idea or group of ideas more fully and illustrate it more elaborately, and develop a description more completely, while, on the other hand, the recurrence of a marked pause at definite intervals imparts a unity to each successive step in the progress of the poem, and at the same time relieves the strain on the attention which is unavoidable in continuous verse. The stanza was especially well suited for Byron's purpose in 'Childe Harold,' because the subject is constantly shifting, and requires that there should be continuity, but of the least stringent kind. The stanzas are not so much the links of a chain, as beads on a string.

The Spenserian stanza is so called to distinguish it from other stanzas, because Spenser used it in his 'Faery Queene'; it consists of nine lines, the last of which is an Alexandrine. The ordinary verses are iambic lines of 5 accents and 10 (sometimes 11) syllables, as—

Oh, lovely Spáin! renówn'd, romántic lánd,
 while the Alexandrine has 6 accents and 12 (sometimes 13) syllables, as—

But sláve succéed to sláve through years of éndless toil,

the extra syllable is found where there is a double rhyme
The lines of the stanza which rhyme with one another are 1, 3,
2, 4, 5, 7, 6, 8, 9

b. Pauses

- (1) Notwithstanding the strict rules to which this stanza is subject, it admits of great variety, which results from shifting the position of the more important pauses. Even where these are regularly found at the end of the line, this effect is produced by the verses being variously grouped together according as the pause falls before or after them, and by the same process the rhymes, though retaining their positions, are affected, as it were, by a change of light and shade. In particular, a strong stop at the end of the fifth line has a marked effect in throwing that line into immediate connection with the four preceding ones, which alternate in their rhymes, so that it appears to clench them e.g.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array! (3 244-8)

Accordingly it is in this part of the stanza that many of the finest lines in the poem occur; e.g. 2. 122, 230;
3 1026 4. 473, 563, 1400

- (2) In respect of the position of the pauses there is a striking difference between the two first and the two last cantos, for in the former they are much more regular than in the latter, the strong stops, colon or semi-colon, being at the end of the line. There are nine marked exceptions to this rule in Canto 1, seventeen in Canto 2, whereas in the two last cantos the strong pauses in the middle of a line are about as numerous as the *stan/as*. This change, like others to be hereafter mentioned, arose chiefly from the additional impetuosity, and consequent rhetorical

element in style, which was caused by the tumultuous state of feeling of the poet at the later period. In Cantos 3 and 4, Byron is especially fond of the pause after the seventh syllable, which is often very effective, e.g. 3 792, 802, 812, 829, 849, 863

A striking effect is sometimes produced by contrasting the first and last half of successive lines; e.g.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear,
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post,
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career,
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host (1 576-9)

Compare 2, 846-9

- (3) As each stanza is supposed to be complete in itself, it is a deviation from the principle of this form of composition, when a strong pause is wanting at the end. This is of very rare occurrence in the first three cantos—instances are 1. 539; 2. 522, 845; but in Canto 4 it is common, so much so that in one part there is only one full stop in eight stanzas (4 613-684)
- (4) It can hardly be regarded as other than a defect in Byron's verse that he is apt to end a line with a word closely connected with the beginning of the next, thus destroying the pause which is naturally made between the verses; as—

Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied (1 285, 6)

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature. (2 577, 8)

This is of frequent occurrence in Canto 4, and still more so in the poet's dramas.

c Double rhymes.

Double, or weak, rhymes, where the two last syllables of the verse rhyme, are not found in the first two cantos. The avoid-

ance of them seems to have been intentional, probably from the feeling that the single rhyme was more dignified, for an instance is found in the first line of the Dedication, where the poet was writing more familiarly. The first place in the poem itself where a double rhyme occurs is in Canto 3—

And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd, (3 258)

and there are several other instances in that canto (442, 563, 824, 879, 1022, 1023), but in the fourth canto the examples are numerous, extending even to the Alexandrine. It seems as if the poet, in his eagerness to express his thoughts, rebelled against the limits which he had assigned to himself.

d. Alliteration.

This ornamental device of art—which is in part a remnant of the old English versification, where it was systematically used—is elaborately employed by Byron. It imparts a melodious sound to the verses, but can easily degenerate into a jingle, and therefore it is better as a rule that it should be felt than distinctly recognised. Nor must it be supposed that in modern English poetry the writer himself is always conscious of it, for it is frequently suggested by association and ear, so that, when there is a choice of words to use, the alliterative one presents itself by preference. The following remarks on the alliteration in 'Childe Harold' refer to the correspondence of initial consonants only, for it would carry us too far to speak of alliteration in vowels, and in the middle of words, as in—

Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease (2 448)

(i) *Alliteration between two words coupled together*

Substantives—'doubt and death,' 'war and woes,' 'splendour and success,' 'brain and breast,' 'sects and systems,' 'fire and fickleness,' 'darkness and dismay.'
Adjectives—'desolate and dark,' 'wide and winding,' 'gray and ghastly,' 'sweet and sacred,' 'fair but froward,' 'fierce and far.'

Verbs—'boast and bleed,' 'surpasses or subdues,'
'foams and flows,' 'forms and falls,' 'stun and sting'

(2) *Epithets alliterative to the substantive*

Ornamental—'wanton wealth,' 'dull delay,' 'merry masquerade,' 'brawling brook,' 'weary waves'

Determining the meaning—'bloodless bier,' 'warlike worshipper,' 'shady scene,' 'paltry prize,' 'sultriest season,' 'partial praise'

(3) *Epithets alliterative to one another*

That lagging barks may make their lazy way (2 175)

And join the mimic train of merry Carnival. (2 746)

But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream (3 458)

(4) *Alternating alliteration*

Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife (1 889)

But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil. (2 736)

Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home (2 896)

(5) *Double alliteration, in the first and last half of a line*

The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd (1 245)

Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power (1 571)

He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline (1 785)

Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid (3 539)

Still more elaborate alliteration on two letters may be seen in—

There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds. (2 823)

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,

Full in the centre stands the bull at bay (1 774, 5)

(6) *Triple alliteration, either in one or in two lines*

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud (2 781)

And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword. (2 788)

I look upon the peopled desert past,

As on a place of agony and strife (3 690, 691)

(7) *Contrast marked by alliteration*

Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword (1 223)

Death in the front, destruction in the rear (2 849)

To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique (2 915)

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou (3 325)

(8) *Alliteration gains force by marking the beat of the verse*

When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks
(2 687)

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes (3 215)

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood (4 1009)

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone. (2 262)

(9) *Different effect produced by the alliteration of different letters*

Compare the effect produced by *r* in—

Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain, (1 901)

Red rolls his eyes' dilated glow, (1 755)

Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill, (4 1304)

with that produced by *l*, *w*, and *s* in—

Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay, (2 449)

As winds come lightly whispering from the west, (2 626)

Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved (3 804)

(10) The musical effect of a number of the above-mentioned forms of alliteration, when not made too prominent, may be traced in the following stanza —

The parted bosom clings to wonted home.
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth,
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.
(2 864-72)

Adaptation of sound to sense

In modern poetry this does not take the form of direct

imitation, as it does sometimes in Greek and Latin, but is confined to a general correspondence of movement.

Extensiveness is expressed by the long compound in—

Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed (1 353)

Smooth movement, combined with alliteration, corresponds to the idea of—

Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave
(1 636-8)

Rhythmic motion is seen in—

He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow (2 367)

Ponderous monosyllables express tedious delay in—

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun
(3 287)

In the next example, the long monosyllables of the first line correspond to slowness, the short ones of the second to rapidity

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,
An hour may lay it in the dust (2 797, 8)

Forward motion, followed by a sudden stop, is expressed in the rhythm and alliteration of—

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell
(3 207)

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

L'UNIVERS est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux Je haïssais ma patrie Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues —*LE COSMOPOLITE*¹

PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe It was begun in Albania, and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops, its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character,

¹ By M. de Montbron, *Paris*, 1798.

'Childe Harold,' I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim —Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion, but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe,' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The 'Good Night,' in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by 'Lord Maxwell's Good Night,' in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr Scott

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual, as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr Beattie makes the following observation —'Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition'¹—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie².

LONDON, *February* 1812.

¹ Beattie's Letter, in Sir W. Forbes's 'Life of Beattie,' vol. 1. p. 89

² The poems here referred to are Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' and Beattie's 'Minstrel'

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object. It would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the 'vagrant Childe,' (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage,) it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when 'l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique,' flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69¹. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever, and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The 'Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse' had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—'No waiter, but a knight templar'². By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights 'sans peur,' though not 'sans reproche'. If the story of the institution of the 'Garter' be not a fable, the knights of that order

¹ 'Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie,' Par 1781

² Quoted from 'The Rovers or the Double Arrangement,' in the Anti-Jacobin

have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferant memory. So much for chivalry Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks¹ (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages

I now leave 'Childe Harold' to live his day, such as he is, it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close, for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon², perhaps a poetical Zeluco³.

LONDON, 1813

¹ The eminent naturalist. The banter here refers to the admiration which Sir Joseph Banks' person excited in the females of Otaheite during Cook's first voyage in 1769.

² Timon of Athens, the subject of Shakespeare's play, was the typical misanthrope of antiquity.

³ The hero of Dr Moore's romance with that title. He is represented as being ruined and rendered miserable by the consequences of want of restraint in youth, notwithstanding numerous advantages of nature and fortune. The author was father of Sir John Moore, who died at Corunna.

TO IANTHE.

NOT in those climes where I have late been straying,
 Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd ,
 Not in those visions to the heart displaying
 Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
 Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd 5
 Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
 To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
 To such as see thee not my words were weak ;
 To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak ?

Ah ! may'st thou ever be what now thou art, 10
 Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
 As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
 Love's image upon earth without his wing,
 And guileless beyond Hope's imagining !
 And surely she who now so fondly rears 15
 Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening
 Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
 Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'t is well for me
 My years already doubly number thine , 20
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ,
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ;
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign 25
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,
 But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed

Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells, 30
 Gl. ce o'er this page, nor to my verse deny

That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh
Could I to thee be ever more than friend
This much, dear maid, accord, nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend, 35
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined,
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last 40
My days once number'd, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire,
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less
require? 45

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO I

1. OH, thou ' in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
 Muse ' form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will '
 Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
 Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill
 Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill , 5
 Yes ' sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
 Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still ,
 Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
 To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

2. Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth, 10
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
 Ah me ' in sooth he was a shameless wight,
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee , 15
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight
 Save concubines and carnal companie,
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree

3. Childe Harold was he hight —but whence his name
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say ; 20
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
 And had been glorious in another day
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
 However mighty in the olden time ,
 Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay, 25
 Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime

- 4 Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
 Disporting there like any other fly ;
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done 30
 One blast might chill him into misery
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell ,
 He felt the fulness of satiety
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell, 35
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.
- 5 For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
 Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,
 And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his 40
 Ah, happy she ' to 'scape from him whose kiss
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ,
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
 And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste 45
- And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ,
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee
 Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie, 50
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
 With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below
- 7 The Childe departed from his father's hall 55
 It was a vast and venerable pile,
 So old, it seemed only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle
 Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !
 Where Superstition once had made her den 60
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ,
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men ,

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow, 65
 As if the memory of some deadly feud
 Or disappointed passion lurk'd below
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know,
 For his was not that open, artless soul
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow, 70
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

9. And none did love him: though to hall and bower
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,
 He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour, 75
 The heartless parasites of present cheer
 Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare, 80
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair
- 10 Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun,
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun 85
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel.
 Ye, who have known what 't is to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal 90
11. His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
 And long had fed his youthful appetite, 95
 His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line

12. The sails were fill'd, and fan the light winds blew, 100
 As glad to waft him from his native home ;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
 Repented he. but in his bosom slept 105
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
 One word of wail, while others sate and wept,
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.
- 13 But when the sun was sinking in the sea
 He seized his harp, which he at times could string, 110
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
 When deem'd he no strange ear was listening.
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing, 115
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
 Thus to the elements he pour'd his last 'Good Night'

1. ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, 120
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ,
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native Land—Good Night! 125
2. A few short hours and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth ,
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth
 Deserted is my own good hall, 130
 Its hearth is desolate ,
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ,
 My dog howls at the gate

3. 'Come hither, hither, my little page'
 Why dost thou weep and wail? 135
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly 140
 More merrily along'
- 4 'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind; 145
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and one above.
5. 'My father bless'd me fervently, 150
 Yet did not much complain,
 But, sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again'—
 'Enough, enough, my little lad'
 Such tears become thine eye, 155
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.
6. 'Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman? 160
 Or shiver at the gale?'—
 'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak,
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek 165
7. 'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?'—

- 'Enough, enough, my yeoman^e good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay,
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away' 170
- 8 For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes 175
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near,
 My greatest grief is that I leave 180
 No thing that claims a tear.
9. And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me? 185
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands
- 10 With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go 190
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight, 195
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
 My native Land—Good Night!
14. On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
 And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon, 200
 New shores descried make every bosom gay,
 And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
 And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay,
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap, 205
 And steel 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

- 15 Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand! 210
 But man would mar them with an impious hand
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge 214
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.
16. What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied, 220
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord
17. But whose entereth within this town, 225
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
 For hut and palace show like filthily
 The ingy denizens are rear'd in dirt, 230
 Ne personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt
18. Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes —
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men? 235
 Lo! Cntra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken 240
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates?

19. The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd, 245
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below, 250
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow
20. Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of woe,' 255
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell
 Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell. 260
1. And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath.
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath 265
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.
2. On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath, 270
 Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
 But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
 Yet run'd splendour still is lingering there.
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair.
 There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son, 275
 Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
 Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

23. Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
 Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow 280
 But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how 285
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!
24. Behold the hall where Chiefs were late convened!
 Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend, 290
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
 There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
 Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll, 295
 Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul
25. Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
 That foul'd the knights in Marialva's dome
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
 And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom 300
 Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
 And Policy regain'd what arms had lost
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
 Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast! 305
26. And ever since that martial synod met,
 Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name,
 And folks in office at the mention fret,
 And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame
 How will posterity the deed proclaim! 310
 Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,
 To view these champions cheated of their fame,
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
 Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

27. So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he 315
 Did take his way in solitary guise
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
 More restless than the swallow in the skies
 Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,
 For Meditation fix'd at times on him, 320
 And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
 His early youth, misspent in maddest whim,
 But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.
28. To hoise! to hoise! he quits, for ever quits 325
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl
 Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage,
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll 330
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.
29. Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;
 And church and court did mingle their array, 335
 And mass and revel were alternate seen,
 Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween!
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt, 340
 And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt
30. O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a free-born race!)
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place 345
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share. 350

31. More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
 And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend,
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed'
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
 Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend 355
 Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
 Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
 For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
 And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes
- 32 Where Lusitania and her Sister meet, 360
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
 Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?— 365
 Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
 Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul
33. But these between a silver streamlet glides,
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook 370
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke: 375
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low
34. But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast, 380
 So noted ancient roundelays among.
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
 Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest
 Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong,
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest 385
 Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

- 35 Oh, lovely Spain ! renown'd, romantic land !
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
 When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore ? 390
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore ?
 Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail 395
36. Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?
 Ah ! such, alas ! the hero's amplest fate !
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate, 400
 See how the Mighty shrink into a song !
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great ?
 Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong ?
37. Awake, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance ! 405
 Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar 410
 In every peal she calls—'Awake ! arise !'
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore ?
- 3 Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ? 415
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 'Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high.—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ; 420
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

39. Lo ' where the ^{*}Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'n'ing in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands, 425
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ,
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ,
 For on this morn three potent nations meet, 430
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

40. By Heaven ' it is a splendid sight to see
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroideiry,
 Their various arms that glitter in the air ' 435
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey ' !
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share ,
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array 440

41. Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ,
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally 445
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain

42. There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools ' 450
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !
 Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone. 455
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

- 43 Oh, Albuera ! glorious field of grief !
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed, 460
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed !
 Peace to the perish'd ! may the warrior's meed
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong !
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead 465
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
 And shine in worthless lays the theme of transient song.
44. Enough of battle's minions ! let them play
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame :
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay, 470
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name
 In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
 Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's good,
 And die, that living might have proved her shame ,
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud, 475
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.
45. Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way *
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for prey !
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude, 480
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude,
 Inevitable hour ! 'Gainst fate to strive
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
 Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre, might yet survive,
 And Virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive. 485
- 4 But all unconscious of the coming doom,
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ,
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds ;
 Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds , 490
 Here Folly still his votaries inthrals ,
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds ;
 Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

47. Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate 495
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet. 500
 Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet!
48. How carols now the lusty muleteer?
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay, 505
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
 No, as he speeds, he chants 'Vivā el Rey!'
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day 510
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.
49. On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
 Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground; 515
 And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest
 Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
 Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;
 Still does he mark it with triumphant boast; 520
 And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.
- 50 And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
 Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
 Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet.
 Woe to the man that walks in public view 525
 Without of loyalty this token true
 Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
 And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
 If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
 Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

- 51 At every turn Morena's dusky height^d 531
 Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
 And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
 The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
 The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd, 535
 The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
 The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
 The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,
- 5 . Portend the deeds to come —but he whose nod 540
 Has tumbled feeble despots from their sway,
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod,
 A little moment deigneth to delay
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
 The West must own the Scourger of the world 545
 Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning day,
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd
- 53 And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign? 550
 No step between submission and a grave?
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
 And doth the Power that man adores ordain
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
 Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain? 555
 And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
 The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?
54. Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused, 560
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead 565
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

- 55 Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower, 570
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase
56. Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ; 576
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post,
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ? 580
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost ?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall ?
57. Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons, 585
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love .
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate 590
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate ,
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.
58. The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch 595
 Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such
 Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch ! 600
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak !

- 5 . Match me, ye climes ' which poets love to laud ;
 Match me, ye harems ,of the land ' where now
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud 605
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow ,
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find, 610
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.
0. Oh, thou Parnassus ' whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky, 615
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing ?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing
- 1 Oft have I dream'd of Thee ' whose glorious name 621
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas ' with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore 625
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee ,
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!
2. Happier in this than mightiest bards have been, 630
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not ?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave, 635
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave. c

3. Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here ; 640
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain ,
 Her, fate, to every freeborn bosom dear ,
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
 Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear ; 645
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.
4. But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount, when Greece was young,
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung 650
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire
 Ah ! that to these were given such peaceful shades 655
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.
5. Fair is proud Seville , let her country boast
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ,
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise. 660
 Ah, Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze ?
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape. 665
- When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ,
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,
 To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee, 670
 And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white,
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
 A t ousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

- 7 From morn till night, from night till startled Morn 675
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns 680
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns
68. The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ·
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore? 685
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast
 Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn,
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more, 690
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn
- 6 . The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.
 London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer
 Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan, 695
 And smug apprentice gulp their weekly an
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl,
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl, 700
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl
- 7 . Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
 Others along the safer turnpike fly,
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie 705
 Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
 Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

71. All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
 Thy saint adorns count the rosary
 Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free 715
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be,
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share
72. The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd, 720
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round,
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
 Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
 Skil'd in the ogle of a loughish eye, 725
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
 None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
 As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.
73. Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds, 731
 And lowly bending to the lists advance,
 Rich are their scarfs, then chargers featly prance
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance, 735
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.
74. In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
 But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade 740
 The lord of lowing herds, but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed— 745
 Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

75. Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the 'signal falls,
 The den expands, and Expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute, 750
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe .
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail, red rolls his eye's dilated glow. 755
- 7 . Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd away,
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear:
 Now is thy time to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ; 760
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ,
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ,
 Dart follows dart, lance, lance, loud bellowings speak his woes
77. Again he comes , nor dart nor lance avail, 765
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears, 770
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ,
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears
78. Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay, 775
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray .
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand .
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way— 780
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'t is past—he sinks upon the sand !

- 7 . Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline 785
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
 The decorated car appears—on high
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy, 790
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.
0. Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain. 795
 What private feuds the troubled village stain '
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
 Enough, alas ' in humble homes remain,
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
 For some slight cause of wrath whence life's warm stream
 must flow 800
1. But Jealousy has fled his bars, his bolts,
 His wither'd centinel, Duenna sage '
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,
 Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age. 805
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen?
 Oh ' many a time and oft, had Harold loved, 810
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream;
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream;
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings: 815
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

- 83 Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise : 820
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies ;
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise 825
 Pleasure's pall'd victim ' life-abhorring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.
- 84 Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate :
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song , 830
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay, 835
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day

TO INEZ.

1. NAY, smile not at my sullen brow ;
 Alas ! I cannot smile again
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain. 840
2. And dost thou ask what secret woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth ?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe ?
3. It is not love, it is not hate, 845
 Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state,
 And fly from all I prized the most :

4. It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see 850
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings ;
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me
- 5 It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;
 That will not look beyond the tomb, 855
 But cannot hope for rest before.
- 6 What Exile from himself can flee ?
 To zones though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon Thought. 860
- 7 Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake ;
 Oh ! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake !
8. Through many a clime 't is mine to go, 865
 With any a retrospection curst ;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.
9. What is that worst ? Nay, do not ask—
 In pity from the search forbear : 870
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.
5. Adieu, fair Cadiz ! yea, a long adieu !
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood ?
 When all were changing, thou alone wert true, 875
 First to be free, and last to be subdued :
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud .
 Here all were noble, save Nobility ! 880
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry !

6. Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate !
 They fight for freedom who were never free,
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state ;
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee, 885
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery :
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to Liberty ,
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, ' War even to the knife ! ' 890
7. Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life :
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife, 895
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed !
- 8 . Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ? 900
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red ,
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain,
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw ; 905
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw !
9. Nor yet, alas ! the dreadful work is done ;
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees . 910
 It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain , if freed, she frees
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd :
 Strange retribution ! now Columbia's ease 915
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
 While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

0. Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera lavish of the dead, 920
 Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil, 925
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!
91. And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain: 930
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest? 935
92. Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear 940
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.
93. Here is one fyte of Harold's pilgrimage 945
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,
 If he that rhymeth now may scibble moe
 Is this too much? stein Critic! say not so
 Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld 950
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.

CANTO II.

- 1 COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
 Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
 Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire 5
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.
- 2 Ancient of days! august Athena! where, 10
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
 Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! 15
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
3. Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn 20
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn.
 'T was Jove's—'t is Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn 25
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds,
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

4. Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given, 30
 That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies 35
 That little un saith more than thousand homilies.
- 5 Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps, 40
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell' 45
6. Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole, 50
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?
7. Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son! 55
 'All that we know is, nothing can be known'
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
 Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best; 60
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron
 There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore, 65
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light!
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more! 70
 Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

There, thou'—whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain—
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead 75
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast.
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may Futurity's behest, 80
 For me 't were bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

10. Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
 The marble column's yet unshaken base;
 Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne.
 Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace 85
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
 It may not be. nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
 Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
 Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
 Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by. 90

11. But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
 On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
 The latest relic of her ancient reign;
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
 Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be! 95
 England! I joy no child he was of thine
 Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
 Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
 And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.

- 1 . But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast, 100
 To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared;
 Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
 His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
 Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
 Aught to displace Athena's poor remains . 105
 Her sons, too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
 Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
 And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.
13. What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
 Albion was happy in Athena's tears? 110
 Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
 The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
 Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears, 115
 Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
 Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.
14. Where was 'thine Ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?
 Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain intrall'd, 120
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day
 Bursting to light in terrible array!
 What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey?
 Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore, 125
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.
15. Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed 130
 By British hands, which it had best behaved
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
 And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to northern climes abhorr'd!

- 16 But where is Harold ? shall I then forget 136
 To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave ?
 Little reck'd he of all that men regret ;
 No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave ;
 No friend the parting hand extended gave, 140
 Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes
 Hard is his heart whom chains may not enslave ,
 But Harold felt not as in other times,
 And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.
17. He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea 145
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ,
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow, 150
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.
- 1 And oh, the little warlike world within !
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy, 155
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high .
 Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;
 Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by, 160
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides
19. White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain 165
 For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
 Conquest and fame but Britons rarely swerve 170
 From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve,

- O. Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray,
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way. 175
 Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
 What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
 The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these! 180
1. The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand,
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe
 Such be our fate when we return to land!
 Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand 185
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love,
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,
 Or to some well-known measure fealty move,
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.
2. Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore, 190
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown, 195
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase,
 But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down
3. 'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
 We once have loved, though love is at an end 200
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend, 205
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!
 Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

- 24 Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
 The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride, 210
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
 None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear,
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast 215
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.
25. To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been, 220
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
 This is not solitude, 't is but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd
- But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men, 226
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress ! 230
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
 This is to be alone, this, this is solitude !
27. More blest the life of godly eremite, 235
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
 That he who there at such an hour hath been
 Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot, 240
 Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

8. Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind, 245
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind,
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel,
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind, 250
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ' and all is well
9. But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;
There for the weary still a haven smiles, 255
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ; 260
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd
0. Her reign 's past, her gentle glories gone
But trust not this too easy youth, beware !
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou mayst find a new Calypso there 265
Sweet, Florence ' could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine :
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine 270
- 1 Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought
Save admiration glancing harmless by
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught, 275
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought :
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

32. Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze, 280
 One who, 't was said, 'till sigh'd to all he saw,
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law,
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims 285
 And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.
- 33 Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
 Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride, 290
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
 Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue.
 But Harold on such arts no more relied, 295
 And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.
34. Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd? 300
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
 But not too humbly, or she will despise
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise,
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes 305
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes
35. 'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best deplore it most;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost 310
 Youth wasted, mmds degraded, honour lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
 If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please. 315

36. Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
 And many a varied shore to sail along,
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head 320
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.
- 37 Dear Nature is the kindest mother still, 325
 Though always changing in her aspect mild;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path 330
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,
 Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.
8. Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise, 335
 And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise
 Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise, 340
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.
39. Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot,
 Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;
 And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot, 345
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?
 If life eternal may await the lyre, 350
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

40. 'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
 Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar ;
 A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war, 355
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.
41. But when he saw the evening star above 361
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow
 And as the stately vessel glided slow 365
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
 He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front
42. Morn dawns and with it stern Albania's hills, 370
 Dark Sulî's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
 Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
 Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
 Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer ; 375
 Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
 Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
 And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.
43. Now Harold found himself at length alone,
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ; 380
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
 Which all admire, but many dread to view :
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new , 385
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat

44. Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear, 390
 Churchman and votary alike despised
 Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss ! 395
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross ?
45. Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king 400
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring .
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering .
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes !
 GOD ' was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose ?
46. From the dark barriers of that rugged clime, 406
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales,
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales 410
 Are rarely seen , nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not , loved Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.
47. He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, 415
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onwards did his further journey take
 To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
 Is lawless law , for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold ; 420
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
 Hurl then defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

48. Monastic Zütza ' from thy shady brow,
 Thou small but favour'd spot of holy ground ! 425
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found '
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonise the whole :
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound 430
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul
49. Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still, 435
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high .
 Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by
 Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee 440
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.
- 50 Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ,
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze 445
 The plain is far beneath—oh ! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can , the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away. 450
51. Dusky and huge, enlaing on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir 455
 Nodding above , behold black Acheron !
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

2. Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ; 460
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot .
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth , and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock, 465
 The little shepherd in his white capote
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.
53. Oh' where, Dodona' is thine aged grove,
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine? 470
 What valley echoed the response of Jove?
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
 Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine 475
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the
 stroke !
- 4 Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale 480
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance, 485
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.
55. The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily, 490
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen.

- 56 He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower, 496
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaim'd his high estate
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate, 500
 While busy preparation shook the court,
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
 Within, a palace, and, without, a fort
 Here men of every clime appear to make resort.
57. Richly caparison'd, a ready row 505
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
 Circled the wide-extending court below;
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore,
 And oft-times through the area's echoing door,
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away 510
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,
 While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.
- 5 . The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun, 515
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see,
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon,
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive, the lively, supple Greek,
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son; 520
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,
- 59 Are mix'd conspicuous some recline in groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round,
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops, 525
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found,
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground,
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
 Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret, 530
 'There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!'

- 60 Just at this season Ramazani's fast
 Through the long day its penance did maintain
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again 535
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board within,
 The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in. 540
61. Here woman's voice is never heard apart,
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
 For, not unhappy in her master's love, 545
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares
- 62 In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring 550
 Of living water from the centre rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
 ALI reclined, a man of war and woes
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace, 555
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace
63. It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ; 560
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath aven'd,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth , 565
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began

64. 'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury, 570
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise.
And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet ;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys, 575
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.
65. Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back ?
Who can so well the toil of war endure ? 580
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need
Their wrath how deadly ! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead. 585
66. Childe Harold saw them in their chieft n's tower
Thronging to war in splendour and success,
And after view'd them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress ;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press 590
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!
- 67 It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark 595
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark ,
To land was perilous, to sojourn more ,
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk 600
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work

68. Vain fear' the Sulhotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp, 605
 Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so bland,
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
 And spread their fare, though homely, all they had
 Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp 610
 To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
 Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.
69. It came to pass, that when he did address
 Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
 Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress, 615
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
 And therefore did he take a trusty band
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
 In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
 Till he did greet white Achelous' tide, 620
 And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.
70. Where lons Utrailey forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast, 625
 As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene.—
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean
71. On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed, 631
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past, 635
 The native revels of the troop began,
 Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

- 72 Childe Harold at a little distance stood 640
 And view'd, but not displeased, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude .
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;
 And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd, 645
 Their gestures nrmble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd —
- 1 TAMBOURGI' Tambourgi' thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war , 650
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote'
- 2 Oh' who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock, 655
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock
- 3 Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ? 660
4. Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase ;
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er
5. Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves, 665
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.
6. I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy , 670
 Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear.
- 7 I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
 Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;
 Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre, 675
 And sing us a song on the fall of her sire

8. Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
 The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conqueror's yell
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
 The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared 680
- 9 I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
 He neither must know who would serve the Vizier
 Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.
10. Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped, 685
 Let the yellow-hair'd Giaours view his hoisetail with dread,
 When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!
- 11 Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar;
 Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war. 690
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!
73. Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great!
 Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth, 695
 And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
 Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume, 700
 Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?
74. Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain? 705
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, un-
 mann'd. 710

75. In all save form alone, how changed ! and who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
 Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh 715
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage :
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.
76. Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not 720
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame. 725
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
 Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame
77. The city won for Allah from the Giaoui,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest , 730
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest ;
 Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
 The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
 May wind their path of blood along the West ; 735
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.
- 78 Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin, 740
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer .
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball, 745
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

- 79 And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
 Oh Stamboul ' once the empress of their reign?
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain . 750
 (Alas ' her woes will still pervade my strain ')
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,
 Nor oft I 've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
 As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along. 755
80. Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
 Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
 And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan
 The Queen of tides on high consenting shone, 760
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.
- 81 Glanced many a light caique along the foam, 765
 Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
 No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
 Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still 770
 Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
 These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !
2. But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain, 775
 Even through the closest searment half betray'd?
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain,
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain 780
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

- 83 This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast .
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace, 785
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword
 Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who owe thee most—
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record 790
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde !
84. When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men, 795
 Then may'st thou be restored , but not till then
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate? 800
85. And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now .
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow, 805
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough .
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth ;
86. Save where some solitary column mourns 810
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass 815
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave ,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh 'Alas !'

87. Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields, 820
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields ,
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air ;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds, 825
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ,
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair
- 8 . Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground ,
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around, 830
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone 835
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon
- 89 The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ,
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord,
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
 The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde 840
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word ,
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career 845
90. The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ,
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ,
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ,
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear '
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ? 850
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ' spurns around

1. Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past 855
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bight clime of battle and of song,
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore; 860
 Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore
2. The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth; 865
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth
 But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth, 870
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.
93. Let such approach this consecrated land,
 And pass in peace along the magic waste;
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand 875
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed
 Revere the remnants nations once revered
 So may our country's name be undisgraced,
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd, 880
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!
4. For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days 885
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
 And none are left to please when none are left to love. * 890

95. Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me ,
 Who did for me what none beside have done,
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being ? thou hast ceased to be ! 895
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
 Would they had never been, or were to come !
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam !
96. Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved ! 900
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death ! thou hast ;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend , 905
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend
97. Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek ? 910
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak ;
 Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique ? 915
 Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer
98. What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page, 920
 And be alone on earth, as I am now
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
 O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd
 Roll on, vain days ! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd, 925
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd

NOTES TO CANTOS I-II

NOTES.



DEDICATION.

THE person here addressed as Ianthe was a girl of less than eleven years of age, Lady Charlotte Harley, second daughter of the Earl of Oxford

1 *Those climes*, &c ,—Spain and Turkey

straying,—the rhyme here is double, *ie* on two syllables There is no instance of this in the first two Cantos, though in the last two it is not uncommon The poet seems at first to have intentionally avoided it as being undignified, and only to have admitted it in this place owing to the playful character of the Dedication See Essay on Style,

4^c, P 44

3 *those visions* ³ *displaying*,—for ‘those visions that display’

4 *but only*,—one of these words is superfluous

6 *shall I vainly seek*,—‘shall I seek to do what would be impossible for me’

9 *What language could they speak?*—‘what could they tell, which was not already far better understood?’

13 *his wing*,—‘his inconstancy,’ ‘his wish to rove’

14 *Hope’s imagining*,—‘all that hope could conceive’

17 *the rainbow of*, &c ,—‘that which is to illuminate her future years’ The rainbow is also the emblem of hope, cp 4 642, 1519.

19 *Peri*,—Persian term for a fairy

23, 24 *Happy Happier*,—‘I am happy in this, that— and happier still in this, that—’

26 *whose admiration shall succeed*,—‘succeed’ here means ‘come after’, ‘who shall admire thee in the future’

27 *But mix’d*,—‘but whose admiration shall be mixed’

28 *the Gazelle’s*,—the gazelle is a species of antelope, it is often taken in the East as an emblem of beauty

36 *with my wreath one matchless lily blend*,—the ‘wreath’ is the garland of poetry, the ‘lily’ is the emblem of purity

37 *Such’s thy name*, &c ,—such as a lily introduced into a wreath

- 38 *kinder*,—‘more than usually kind’
 39 *Ianthe's here enshrined*,—i.e. ‘Ianthe's name’
 40 *thus*,—as it stands first
 41 *My days once number'd*,—‘when my earthly career is closed,’
 ‘when I am dead’
 42 *Attract thy fancy fingers near the lyre*,—‘induce thee to read over
 the poem’ ‘Fingering the lyre’ is calling out its latent tones, so,
 reading over an old poem is calling out afresh its meaning
 43 *Who hail'd thee*,—‘invoked thee in his dedication’

CANTO I

Prefatory note on Spain and Portugal at the time of Byron's visit.

As the struggle for freedom in the Peninsula is the key-note of this Canto, it may be well to preface it by a notice of the events which had recently occurred in that country

In 1807, Napoleon, in order to attack England's southern ally, Portugal, required the Prince Regent of that country to detain all Englishmen residing there, and to confiscate all the English property in Portugal. When this demand was refused, orders were given to Junot, Napoleon's general, to march across Spain and seize Lisbon. The Portuguese royal family, however, had already taken their determination of leaving the country in case of a French invasion, and at the moment when Junot's troops came in sight of the capital, the fleet on board of which they had embarked was setting sail for Brazil.

The court of Spain was at this period in alliance with France. The king, Charles IV, was a weak and indolent man, and the chief power was in the hands of a court favourite, Godoy, who was the queen's paramour, and held the office of prime minister. It was by promising this man the southern part of Portugal as a principality for himself that Napoleon persuaded the Spanish authorities to allow his forces to pass through to Lisbon. As soon, however, as he had subdued that country, he turned his arms against Spain, and gradually made himself master of the northern provinces, until at last the king and queen were on the point of leaving Madrid for Seville, with the idea of following the example of their Portuguese neighbours, and retiring to their American dominions. But this was prevented by the populace, and ultimately

Charles abdicated in favour of his son, Ferdinand VII. Napoleon was not slow to profit by these dissensions, and by various pretences he enticed all these royal personages, and Godoy also, into France, and appointed his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain.

It was at this time that England came to the help of the Spaniards, who were organising resistance in various parts of the country, and during the summer of 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington) landed on the coast of Portugal with 10,000 men, and shortly afterwards defeated the French in the battle of Vimiera. He was superseded, however, by the Home Government, and his successor in the chief command, Sir Hew Dalrymple, signed a convention greatly to the advantage of the French, by which Junot was enabled safely to evacuate Portugal at the moment when his army was threatened with annihilation. The most humiliating point in the agreement was the provision that the French troops should be conveyed to the coast of France at the expense of England and in British vessels, and should be landed there without any stipulation that they should not immediately serve again. This convention has been wrongly called the 'Convention of Cintra,' in consequence of Dalrymple's despatches on that subject being dated from Cintra, for the scene of the negotiations was at some distance from that place. Then followed the retreat of Sir John Moore, who had penetrated too far into Spain, and his death at Corunna, after he had succeeded in embarking his troops. Shortly after this Sir Arthur Wellesley was finally appointed general-in-chief, and during the spring of 1809 he drove the French out of Portugal, which they had once more invaded under Soult's command. It was in the summer of that year that Byron's visit occurred, and while he was riding with Hobhouse from Lisbon to Seville the important battle of Talavera was fought.

1-9 In invoking the Muse (for his apology for not invoking her amounts to the same thing), Byron follows what had become a traditional custom at the commencement of a long poem. Homer set the example, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and this was imitated by the chief epic poets—Virgil (*Aen.* 1. 8), Dante, both in the *Inferno* (2. 7), and in the *Purgatorio* (1. 8), while in the *Paradiso* he invokes Apollo (1. 13); Tasso (*Gerus. Lib.* 1. 2. 1), and Milton (*Par. Lost.* 1. 1 and 7. 1). In burlesque of this custom, Byron begins Canto 3 of *Don Juan* with 'Hail, Muse! *et cetera*.'

The first stanza was not in the original manuscript of the poem, but was added after the author's return to England. If we did not know this from other evidence, we might learn it from the mention of his visit to Delphi, for Childe Harold was commenced in Albania, before he had

visited Greece. He celebrates his first view of Parnassus in st 60 of this Canto. In writing this exordium he seems to have experienced the difficulty which he himself elsewhere describes (*Don Juan*, 4 1, 2) —

'Nothing so difficult as a beginning

In poesy, unless perhaps the end'—

for this first stanza is not very good, and certainly rather obscure. The same thing is true of the two last stanzas of Canto 2, which also were a later addition, and were 'the end' of the first portion of the poem.

Line 1 *Hellas*,—the name by which the inhabitants of Greece designated their country

deem'd of heavenly birth,—this appears to have a sarcastic force, implying that the moderns do not look to heaven for their inspiration, as the Greeks did

2 *form'd or fabled*,—'imagined or described in words'. It seems somewhat awkward, when invoking the Muse, to speak of her at the same time as a creation of the poet

3 *since shamed*,—very elliptical for 'since [thou hast been] humiliated'. *later lyres*,—the poets his contemporaries, cp 2 885, 'louder minstrels in these later days'

on earth,—this gives the reason for what is said in the next line. 'I will not call thee to earth, because thou hast been so often humiliated there'

4 *thy sacred hall*,—the verses which follow show that Parnassus is meant, not Helicon, though the latter mountain was the more recognised abode of the Muses, so Tasso says, *Gerus Lib.* 1 2. 1, 2 —

'O Musa tu, che di caduchi allori

Non circondi la fronte in Elcona.'

By a pardonable inaccuracy, Byron elsewhere in this Canto speaks of the Muses as having deserted Parnassus, see ll 620, 635.

5 *Yet there I've wander'd*,—yet [I might have some claim to do so, for] there I've wandered'

thy vaulted rill,—the fountain of Castalia, which gushes from the foot of the cliffs in the neighbourhood of Delphi, on the side of Parnassus. The Muses had a temple near the spring. 'Vaulted' is in contrast with 'feeble fountain' two lines below.

6 *Delphi's long deserted shrine*,—the Delphic oracle finally ceased to be consulted in the reign of Theodosius the Great, at the end of the fourth century A D

8 *mote*,—archaic for 'may', 'is free to'. It is a part of the verb from which 'must' comes (*Skeat, Etym Dict*, s v *must*). On the archaisms in *Childe Harold*, see *Essay on Style*, 1 *h.*, p 36

shell,—'lyre'. Hermes made the first lyre by stretching strings on a tortoise shell, hence Gr *χέλυς* and Lat *testudo* are used for 'the lyre'

the weary Nine,—the Muses, worn out by inferior poems and invocations

10 *Whilome*;—archaic for 'formerly,' 'once'

11. *ne*,—archaic for 'not'

12. *uncouth*,—'unseemly,' an earlier meaning of the word than the modern sense of 'clumsy'

13 *wee'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night*,—kept up his dissipation far into the night Night is here personified, and as she represents the time of sleep, is described as drowsy Similarly, as night is veiled in darkness, Milton, in his Ode on the Nativity, describes the light of the heavenly host as illuminating 'the shamefaced night'

15. *Sore*,—'very much', the word is constantly used in this sense in the English Bible

18 *flaunting wassailers*,—'gay boon companions'; the word 'flaunting' implies impudent showiness The life here described is a sort of travesty of that led by Byron and his college friends at Newstead shortly before he started on his travels To judge from a letter by one of their number, C S Matthews, which is given in Moore's Life of Byron (p 82), their behaviour at that time would seem to have been rather that of unruly schoolboys

19 *Childe Harold*,—'Childe' was a mediaeval title of knights and squires the ballad of Childe Waters, which Byron refers to in his Preface, is found in Percy's Reliques, vol iii p 94 In the original draft of Byron's poem the name was 'Childe Burun,' that being the early form of his family name On the question how far the poet's own character is portrayed in that of Childe Harold, see Introd p 24

hight,—'called', cp Germ *heissen*, 'to be called'

but whence his name, &c ,—'but whence [were derived] his name and lineage'

21 *perchance they were of fame*,—'perchance' is inserted, not to throw doubt on the statement, but to qualify the apparent boastfulness

of fame,—'famous', for other instances of 'of' with the substantive in place of an adjective cp 1 209, 'fruits of fragrance', 4 657, 'thunder-hills of fear.'

22 *in another day*,—'at a previous period.'

23 *But one sad losel soils a name for aye*,—'but one deplorable prodigal brings disrepute on a name for ever'

25. *all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay*,—'all that those who investigate genealogies hunt out from the memorials of the dead' 'Rake' expresses 'searching with difficulty'; so Burke speaks of Peculation as 'taking in the dust of an empty treasury.'

26 *florid prose*,—'encomiums'

27 *blazon*,—'embellish'

28 *bask'd him*,—'sunned himself', a reflexive verb cp 1. 925, 'turn him from the spoil', 4 64, 'I've taught me other tongues'

30 *his little day*,—the metaphor is still that of an insect, which lives only for a day.

32 *long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by*,—the combination of qualifying adverbs is curious, '*long before* a third of his short life had *hardly* passed'

36. *Eremit*,—another form of the word 'hermit'; Gr ἐρημίτης, 'one who dwells in the desert (ἐρημός)', as the early hermits did, cp 2 235.

37 *Sin's long labyrinth*,—'labyrinth' here signifies 'tortuous, varied, misleading paths,' as we speak of 'the mazes of sin'

39 *though he loved but one*,—the reference is to Byron's early love, Miss Chaworth: see Introd p 8.

42 *Had been*,—'would have been'

ought,—'any being', the neuter conveys no sense of depreciation, as it does in 2. 398, where woman is ironically spoken of as 'lovely, harmless thing.' Cp 2 168.

44 *spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste*,—'squandered her property in order that he might live in elegant extravagance.' The next line is a sad anticipation of his own married life

49 *ee*,—archaic for 'eye'

52 *visit scorching climes*,—it was a part of Byron's plan on leaving England to visit India

54 *would seek*,—'was willing to seek'

55 *his father's hall*,—Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire was the hereditary residence of the Byron family

57 *only not*,—'all but,' 'almost', like μόνον οὐκ in Greek, cp. 2 817

58. *strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle*,—'the massive aisles were supported by strong pillars' For a corresponding mode of speech, cp 4 1385, of St Peter's at Rome

'Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled'

In this eternal ark of worship undefiled'

60 *Where Superstition once had made her den*,—superstition (the religious observances of the monks in the Abbey) is conceived under the figure of a lurking wild beast

61 *Paphian girls*,—votaries of Venus, the goddess of Paphos in Cyprus; 'courtesans.'

62 *agen*,—another form of 'again,' now obsolete, but common in popular pronunciation

64 *maddest mirthful mood*,—observe the alliteration, and cp 2 154, 262, 596; 3. 207

65 *Strange pangs would flash*,—'flash' here implies both keenness and suddenness cp 2 215, 'a flashing pang'

66 *deadly feud*,—the death of Mr Chaworth in a duel with Byron's great-uncle

72 *mote*,—cp note on l 8

73 *And none did love him*,—this declaration of unpopularity on the poet's part looks more like self-disgust than desire of notoriety see Intro p 25.

75 *flatt'ers of the festal hour*,—'of' = 'suited to'

77 *lemons*,—'mistresses'

78 *But pomp, &c*,—'but [that is natural, for] pomp, &c'

79 *Eros*,—the Greek name for the God of Love

feere,—'a consort', cp. l 176

85 *begun*,—this might stand for 'was begun,' but Byron elsewhere uses 'begun' for 'began', cp. 3 1067.

90 *such partings*,—final interviews The warmth of Byron's affections is shown by the terms in which he speaks of his friends see l 927, 2 73

91 *His house, his home*,—the 'house' is the dwelling-place, the 'home' the family surroundings

94 *Might shake the saintship of an anchorite*,—'might tempt an anchorite to forfeit his character as a saint' As distinguished from 'saintliness', i. e. 'saintly qualities,' 'saintship' is 'position, estimation, as a saint.' For similar uses of the termination cp 'citizenship,' and in this poem 'goddess-ship' (4 453), and, as a sort of title, 'connoisseurship' (4. 471), like 'lordship' 'Anchorite,' Gr. ἀναχωρητής, 'one who retires from the world,' 'a hermit.'

96 *brimm'd*,—'filled to the brim.'

98 *the brine*,—poet for 'the sea', cp Gr. ἄλς, Lat. *salum*

99 *Paynim*,—originally = 'Pagan,' and applied to heathens only, but came to be used of infidels also, cp l 385, 'The Paynim turban,' of the Moors

Earth's central line,—the Equator, see note on l 52.

101. *As glad*,—'as [if they were] glad'

native home,—the epithet is not superfluous, 'home of his birth'

102 *the white rocks*,—with reference to 'Albion's isle' of l 10

103 *circumambient*;—this hardly means more than 'washing round the shores.'

105 *slept The silent thought*,—'the thought remained, and was not uttered', the use of the epithet is *proleptic* (anticipatory): see Essay on Style, I, g (7), p. 35

108 *reckless*,—'inattentive,' 'which paid no heed to them', *ironical* or *unsympathetic* epithet: see Essay on Style, I, g. (3), p. 34.

112. *strange ear*;—'stranger's ear.'

114 *twilight*,—accent the last syllable, and see note on l 158.

115. *on her snowy wing*,—cp 3. 801,

'This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing'

The use of the preposition 'on' here can only be justified by regarding the ship as a bird 'on the wing'

118, foll This song, the poet tells us in his Preface, was suggested by Lord Maxwell's Good Night in Scott's Border Minstrelsy Notice the frequent alliterations which occur in it—an element almost entirely wanting in the song to Inez towards the end of this Canto, the style of which is intentionally severe

120 *the breakers roar*,—as breakers are waves which break against the shore or rocks, the word is somewhat incorrectly used here

122 *Yon sun . . . we follow*, &c,—they were sailing to the west

126 *A few short hours*, &c,—in prose this would be, 'when a few short hours shall have passed, he will rise,' but in ballad poetry co-ordinate clauses with simple conjunctions are preferred to subordinate ones with relatives, &c

133. *My dog howls at the gate*,—in consequence of the loneliness

134 *my little page*,—this was Robert Rushton, the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants, whom he took with him as far as Gibraltar

136. *Or . . . or*,—for 'either or', cp 3 965

140 *Our fleetest falcon*,—the falcon, like the page and yeoman, is introduced as one of the surroundings of the 'Childe'

147 *A mother*,—['and from] a mother'

149 *But thee—and one above*,—the affectionateness and piety of the page are intended to contrast with the absence of these qualities in his master.

158. *my staunch yeoman*,—William Fletcher, Byron's valet, who accompanied him through his journey 'Yeoman' and 'foeman,' which rhymes with it, are to be accented on the last syllable, notwithstanding that in l 170 'yeoman' is pronounced in the usual way Cp Scott, Lay of the Last Minstrel, Cant 4, st 5

'While thus he spoke the bold yeoman

Enter'd the echoing barbican'

English poets allow themselves a certain amount of licence in shifting the accent, perhaps the boldest venture is Shelley's in the following

'I love all that thou lovést,

Spirit of Delight!

The fresh earth in new leaves drest,

And the starry night'

160 *a French foeman*,—England was at this time at war with France; see Prefatory Note to this Canto

165 *will blanch*;—'is wont to, has the power to, blanch'

a faithful cheek,—i e 'because he is faithful to his wife', not, 'even though he is faithful to his master'

167 the bordering lake,—the piece of water that is close to Newstead Abbey.

171 gamsay,—'declare to be unreal'

176 feeres, see note on l 79

181 no thing that claims a tear,—'no object or person whom I am bound to regret leaving'

186 will whine in vain,—no stress on 'in vain', 'will utter his un-availing whines'

189 where he stands,—'on the spot,' 'then and there' It is curious to contrast this sarcastic depreciation of the faithfulness of dogs with Byron's epitaph on his dog Boatswain, in which he speaks of him as possessing 'all the virtues of man without his vices' As a matter of fact, the poet was attacked by his dog on his return from abroad

193. So not,—'so [it be] not,' 'provided that it be not.'

195 when you fail my sight,—i e after I have landed

199 Biscay's sleepless bay,—referring to the proverbially tempestuous character of the bay of Biscay.

200 anon,—'at once,' 'immediately'

201 New shores descried,—'the sight of new shores', the idiom is derived from the classical languages, e g *Caesar occisus* for 'the murder of Caesar'

202 Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,—as Cintra is north-west of Lisbon, on the ground which intervenes between the estuary of the Tagus and the sea, its hills are visible before Lisbon is approached

204 His fabled golden tribute,—the Tagus, like the Pactolus in Lydia, and other streams, was believed by the ancients to bring down gold in its waters At the present day particles of gold are still found in its sands, but in very small quantities, and from the first, in all probability, its fame in this respect was for the most part legendary

bent,—'eager', the idea being suggested by the rapidity of the stream

205. Lusian,—for 'Lusitanian,' i e 'Portuguese,' Lusitania having been the classical name of that country

pilots,—to guide the vessel up the Tagus to Lisbon

206. yet,—'notwithstanding the fertility'

207 Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see,—it was an oversight on the author's part that this line was introduced with slight variation three times into the poem, viz again in l 432, 'By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see,' and in 2. 643, 'In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see' Another slip in the present passage is the occurrence of the epithet 'goodly' twice within four lines.

- 209 *fruits of fragrance*;—'fragrant fruits', see note on l 211
- 211 *would mar them*,—'would' = 'designs to'
- 214 *will his hot shafts urge*,—'will his thunderbolts pursue'
- 215 *Gaul's locust host*,—'the ravaging French army' For the circumstances of the French invasion of Portugal, see Prefatory Note to this Canto
- 216 *Lisboa*,—the Portuguese form of the name Lisbon
- 217 *Her image floating*,—a pendent construction; 'as she is reflected'
- 218 *vainly*,—'indulging their vain fancy', see note on l 204.
- 219 *But now whereon*,—'but on which at that time.'
- a thousand keels*,—Virgil's *mille carinae* (Aen 2 198) In 'keels' and *carinae* the part is put for the whole by the figure *synecdoche*
- 220 *was allied, &c*,—'was allied with the Portuguese, and afforded them, &c.'
- 222 *swoln*,—'puffed up', cp 2 Pet 2 18, 'great swelling words of vanity' Lat *tumens*
- 223 *waves*,—'brandishes'
- 226 *sheening far*,—'when glistening at a distance'
- 228 *ee*,—cp l. 49
- 229 *shew like filthily*,—'present alike a filthy aspect'
- 231 *Ne*,—archaic for 'no', cp 2 460
- 233 *Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt*,—they do not suffer (unhurt), notwithstanding that they are disgraced (shent) with lice (Egypt's plague), and are neither combed nor washed 'Shent' is participle of an obsolete verb 'shend.'
- 236 *Cintra's glorious Eden*,—in a letter to his mother Byron thus describes Cintra —'The village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe, it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices, convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus.' Moore's Life, p. 92. Cintra is now a town of 4000 inhabitants
- intervenes*,—'presents itself to the eye', or, possibly, 'checks our reflexions'
- 237 *maze*,—'intricate combination', cp 3 579
- 239 *half on which*,—'half [of that] on which' for other instances of the omission of the antecedent, see Essay on Style, 3 d. (3), p. 41
- the eye dilates*,—in order to try to take it all in
- 240 *ken*,—'observation,' 'view' cp 2 342.
- 241 *such things*,—'such wonderful things', cp 1 381, 'so noted'
- the bard, &c*,—Milton, in his description of Paradise (Par. Lost, 4, 131 foll.), to which Cintra has many points of resemblance.

243-251 The description of Cintra which follows should be compared with that of the Rhine in 3 580-5, and that of Constantinople in Don Juan, 5 st 3 In all these Byron describes the scene by enumerating its salient features in successive lines or half lines

243 *The horrid crags*,—‘horrid’ here combines the two meanings of ‘awe-inspiring’ and ‘rough’ (the Latin *horridus*) Spenser uses the word in the latter sense, Faery Queene, 1 7 31 (see Skeat, Etym Dict)

‘His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold’

toppling,—‘overhanging,’ ‘threatening to fall’

244 *hoar*,—this describes the rough gray bark, cp 3 947.

shaggy,—Byron uses this word in the sense of ‘rugged’, cp 2 596, ‘Suli’s shaggy shore’, 4. 652, ‘more shaggy summits’

246 *whose sunless shrubs must weep*,—‘whose shrubs are always wet from the absence of sunshine’

248 *The orange tints that gild the greenest bough*,—‘oranges gleaming in the midst of bright-green foliage’

252 *Then slowly climb*,—observe the skill with which, after the description, the reader is made present at the scene, and shares the increasing impression of its beauty

253 *frequent*,—for ‘frequently’

255 ‘*Our Lady’s house of woe*’,—this, as the author remarks in a note to the second edition, is a mistranslation of the name of the convent on the summit of the rock, *Nossa Senhora de Peña*, ‘Our Lady of the Rock’ he mistook *peña* for *pena*, ‘punishment,’ ‘woe’

258 *Here impious men*, &c, —these are the legends, ‘how that in one place, &c’

259 *Deep in yon cave*, &c ;—the hole is still shown, which formed the sleeping-place of Honorius, a famous hermit, who died here in 1596

260 *by making earth a Hell*,—by penance

261. *spring*,—‘ascend steeply’

264 *frail*,—explained three lines below by ‘of mouldering lath’

265 On the faultiness of ending a line with a word closely connected with the beginning of the next, as here ‘hath,’ l 285, ‘how,’ l 292, ‘by,’ &c, see Essay on Style, 4 b (4), p 44

267 *mouldering lath*,—‘thin perishable wood’

268. *are rife*,—‘abound in.’

269 *purple land*,—‘land of bloodshed’, an *idealising* epithet see Essay on Style, 1 g. (2), p 34

where law secures not life,—at the time of Byron’s visit both natives and foreigners were frequently assassinated in the streets of Lisbon, he had himself a narrow escape

271. *where whilome kings did make repair*,—‘to which kings once

resorted' For 'whilome,' see l 10 The royal palace at Cintra was the favourite residence of the Portuguese monarchs.

272 *only*,—take with 'the wild flowers.'

273 *ruin'd splendour still is lingering there*;—'there are traces of splendour in the ruins.'

275 *Vathek*,—Mr Wm Beckford, a wealthy Englishman, who is here addressed by the title of his romance of 'Vathek,' for some time lived in great splendour at Cintra

276 *form'd*,—for 'formedst' Byron frequently ignores the regular form of the 2nd pers sing of the preterite, e g 4 745, 1181

276-8 *as not aware*, &c ,—'as not aware [that] when, &c', paraphrase thus —'as if he had not realised that peace of mind does not accompany seductive pleasures, however much wealth may have been expended upon them' For 'meek Peace' cp Milton, Ode on the Nativity

'But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace'

281 *unblest by man*,—'regarded by men as ill-omened'

285 *fresh lessons*,—'living, speaking lessons'

287 *anon*,—see note on l 200

288 foll The satirical element in this passage is unsuited to the rest of the poem, and would not have been admitted into the later Cantos On the so called Convention of Cintra, and the error of supposing that the negotiations took place there, into which Byron among others has fallen, see Prefatory Note to this Canto The Convention aroused a feeling of deep indignation in England, which the poet here echoes The Demon of the Convention is an elaborate personification in the style of Spenser—a mode of treatment which Byron abandoned in the later Cantos, see Essay on Style, i d p 31 In prose the Fiend may be described as Diplomacy, which fools its victims ('foolscap diadem') and parades its *insignia* of parchment documents and elaborate signatures

293 *sable scroll*,—'sable' is metaphorical, referring to the gloom which its announcement produced in England

298 *the knights*,—the English generals, cp. l 294, 'names known to chivalry'

Marialva's dome;—the Maralva palace in Cintra Byron uses 'dome' for any extensive building, see note on l 481

300. *a nation's shallow joy*,—the rejoicings in England at the victory of Vimiera, which were followed by the disappointment caused by the Convention

301. *Here Folly*, &c ,—the 'Folly' is that of the English, which neutralised their victory, while the 'Policy' of the next line is that of

the French Byron had no exalted idea of the foreign politics of his country, he has elsewhere embodied his views in an epigram.

'The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull,
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull'

Yet he admired England as the champion of freedom, see 2 115, 'she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears', 4 71, 'The inviolate island of the sage and free'

303 *For chiefs like ours*, &c ;—'may such blunderers win no honours'

304 *Woe to the conqu'ring*, &c,—the exclamation of Brennus after the capture of Rome, 'Vae victis,' is now to be changed to 'Vae victoribus'

305 *droops*,—'hangs her head'

309. *if blush they could*,—'if they had not lost all modesty'

310 *How*,—not interrogative, 'how loudly' 'how scornfully'

313 *By foes*, &c ;—'cheated by foes, who were defeated by them in battle, but overcame them (in the Convention) at Cintra'

314 *points through many a coming year*,—'points [and will point] through &c', but the present tense marks the figure of Scorn as being in an immovable attitude

319 *Though here awhile*, &c,—referring to the criticisms he had just made on the Convention.

321 *conscious Reason whisper'd*,—'his better judgment, aware of what was right and of his own shortcomings, suggested to him'

323 *But as he gazed*, &c,—he saw what was his duty, but it failed to make a permanent impression upon him

324 *To horse*,—after staying ten days at Lisbon, Byron rode across southern Portugal and part of Spain to Seville and Cadiz

328 *nor fix'd as yet the goal*,—elliptical, 'nor is the goal as yet fixed'

330 *And o'er him many changing scenes must roll*,—there is apparently a confusion of metaphors here between years rolling over a man (as a tide), and scenes passing before him

333 Mafra, which is ten miles from Cintra, is a convent and a palace in one, and has a gorgeously decorated church. It is on an immense scale, and was erected in 1730 by John V in fulfilment of a vow that, if an heir was born to him, he would convert the poorest monastery in his dominions into the most splendid

334 *the Lusians' luckless queen*,—the queen of Portugal at the time of the French invasion was insane, and had been in seclusion for sixteen years.

337. *freres*,—'friars,' from *Fr frère*.

337 *fry*,—contemptuous for 'company'

338 *the Babylonian whose*,—the Church of Rome, according to the interpretation of Rev. 17. 5 which was current among Protestants at that time

340 *the blood which she hath spilt*,—in the crusades against the Albigenses, the massacre of St Bartholomew, the *dragonnades* against the Huguenots, &c

341. *loves to*,—'is fond of,' and so 'is wont to', cp Gr φιλεῖ

342. *O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills*,—on the omission of the connecting conjunction in this line see Essay on Style, 2 f, p 38

343 *upheld a freeborn race*,—'uphold' is here used in the sense of 'support,' 'sustain,' 'foster'

348. *to trace*,—'to pursue', it suits 'way' better than 'league.'

350 *and life*,—'and' couples 'life' to 'sweetness'

351 *more bleak to view the hills at length recede*,—compressed expression, 'the hills become more bleak, and at length are left behind' For this sense of 'recede' cp 2 478, 'Æpius' bounds recede, and mountains fail.'

352 *And, less luxuriant*,—the comma after 'and' shows that 'less luxuriant' has the force of a relative clause, thus it corresponds to 'more bleak to view'

353 *Immense horizon bounded plains succeed*,—the movement of this line, with the long rapid compound in the middle, expresses extension see Essay on Style, 4 e, p 48

354 *withouten*,—archaic for 'without'

357 *the pastor's arm*,—'pastor' is used in this unfamiliar sense, to avoid the repetition of 'shepherd,' which occurs in l 355. Usually these two words, originally identical in meaning, are kept distinct

358 *For Spain is compass'd, &c*,—owing to the French occupation. see Prefatory Note to this Canto.

360 *Lusitania and her Sister*,—Portugal (see note on l 205) and Spain The Peninsula presents the peculiar geographical anomaly of a country, whose marked boundaries give it a definite unity, being divided between two nations, which have no natural lines of demarcation, and one of which holds the outlets of some of the chief rivers of the other

361 *Deem ye what bounds, &c.*,—'what bounds, think you, &c'; lit 'have you an opinion?'

362 *Or ere*,—'before'; cp. Shakspeare, *Tempest*, I 2. 11.

'I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd'

queens of nations,—the nations themselves, personified as Lusitania and Hispania.

363 *Tayo*,—the Tagus

364 *Sierras*,—*Sierra*, 'a saw,' is the expressive Spanish name for a mountain chain, derived from its serrated outline

365 *fence of art*,—'artificial rampart'

China's vasty wall,—the gigantic wall which protects the northern frontier of China, the greater part was erected in 213 B C For 'vasty' as another form of 'vast,' cp Shakspeare, 1 Henry IV, 3 1 53

'I can call spirits from the *vasty* deep'

367. *horrid crags*,—see note on l 243

368 *the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul*,—the Pyrenees

369 *But*,—here = 'on the contrary'

371 *rival kingdoms press, &c*,—'it is hemmed in between rival kingdoms'

373 *vacant*,—'vacantly'—for want of thought

374 *peaceful . . . foemen*,—the poet here points the contrast of which he is so fond between nature and man

375. *For proud, &c*,—'for' explains 'foemen', the antipathy arises from the pride of the Spaniard, which extends even to the peasants

377 *Lusian slave, the lowest of the low*,—subsequently, as Byron admits in a note, the Portuguese proved that they did not deserve this character, when serving under English officers in the Peninsular war, they made good soldiers

378 *mingling bounds*,—'faintly distinguished boundaries'

379 *power*,—'might of waters'

380 *sullen billows*,—'sullen,' as compared with the cheerful 'rippling' brook

381 *So noted*,—a somewhat colloquial use of the word 'so', cp note on l 241

ancient roundelays,—the Spanish ballads

383 *Moor and Knight*,—sing for plur The reference is to the long struggle between the Christians and Moors for the possession of Spain, which continued throughout the middle ages The name Guadiana itself, like Guadalquivir, is Arabic

384. *their race*,—'their rapid course'

385 *The Paynim turban and the Christian crest*,—the Moors were distinguished by the turban as the Christians by the helmet (crest) 'Paynim' = 'infidel', see note on l 99

386 *the bleeding stream*,—a poetical way of saying that the water was mingled with blood

388 *the standard which Pelagio bore*,—Pelagio, or Pelayo, was the Spanish hero, who first turned the tide of Moorish conquest in favour of the Christians. When his countrymen were driven back into the

mountains of the Asturias in the far north of Spain, he sallied from the Cave of Covadonga with 300 followers in the year 718, and routed the invaders, whom he forced to retire from that part of the country. His 'standaid' was an oaken cross, which is still shown at Oviedo. The history of these events is related in verse in Southey's *Roderic*.

389 *When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band*,—'when Julian invited the Moors' The story is that Count Julian, whose daughter, called Cava or Florinda, had been violated by King Roderic, in revenge invited the Moors to invade Spain, this they did in 711, and Roderic was killed in the battle that ensued.

390. *That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore*,—the mountain streams are those of the Asturias. 'Gothic gore', the Goths were at this time the ruling race in Spain.

391. *bloody banners*,—'bloody,' from the service which they had seen in battle.

392. *victorious to the gale*,—'proudly outspread to the breezes, as being victorious' Cp Gray, *Bard*, i. 1. 3.

'Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing

They mock the air with idle state'

393 *And drove at last, &c.*,—the Moors were finally expelled from Spain in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, A. D. 1492.

394 *Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pole*,—the red cross was the special emblem of Christianity, so Spenser says of his knight, Faery Queene, i. 2. 1, 2.

'And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,

The deare remembrance of his dying Lord.'

Byron seems to use 'red' almost as a constant epithet of the cross, for he speaks of the 'red cross' in connexion with the Christians in Turkey, 2. 388. 'Pale' is applied to the crescent, partly as an epithet of the moon, partly because it is usually gilt in Mahometan countries, cp 2. 341, 'the pale crescent sparkles in the glen' 'Red' and 'pale' here are *antithetical* epithets, see *Essay on Style*, i. g. (5), p. 35.

395. *Africa's echoes thrill'd*,—'Africa resounded with quavering (thrilling) sounds of woe.'

396. *duty*,—'popular song'

397. *the hero's amplest fate*,—'the highest reward that awaits him.'

398. *granite*,—the most solid material for monuments.

399 *A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date*,—'a peasant's plaintive song perpetuates his memory, when it is in danger of perishing', 'date' = 'period during which his name will live' cp 3. 428.

401 *shrink into a song*,—their fame dwindles till it only survives in a song.

402. *Volume, Pillar, Pile*,—‘a “Life,” a memorial column, a mausoleum’

404 *sleeps with thee*,—‘is no longer heard after thy death.’

407 *thirsty*,—for blood, cp Hom II. 21. 168, *λισταμένη χροὸς δάσαι*

408. *shakes her crimson plumage*,—prob imitated from Gray’s ‘Conquest’s crimson wing,’ quoted above Chivalry is here conceived of as a winged goddess For ‘shakes’ cp Virg Aen 3 226, of the Harpies, ‘*magnis quatunt clangoribus alas*’

409 *the smoke of blazing bolts*,—a finely idealised expression for firing a cannon-ball

413 *war-song*,—accent the last syllable.

on *Andalusia’s shore*,—the reference is again to the expulsion of the Moors.

414 *hoofs of dreadful note*,—‘terrible sound of cavalry charge’

415. *the heath*,—‘the desolate plain’

416 *Saw ye not . . . Nor saved*,—‘did ye not see, and, having seen, save, &c’

418 *tyrants’ slaves*,—mercenary soldiers

the fires of death, The bale-fires,—‘deadly discharges of musketry’

419 *from rock to rock*,—echoed

421. *sulphury Siroc*,—‘wind laden with hot blast of gunpowder’
The real Sirocco (the word is used here metaphorically) is the hot, oppressive south wind which is felt on the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

423 *Lo! where the Giant*,—this personification of battle is the most elaborate in the poem.

424. *deepning*,—taking a deeper hue

427 *Restless it rolls, &c*,—there is no inconsistency between ‘restless’ and ‘fix’d,’ because at one time it dwells on a single object, and shortly after looks wildly into the distance

429. *Destruction cowers*,—like a wild beast

430 *on this morn*,—July 26, 1809, on which the battle of Talavera commenced (see l 448) It lasted three days, and was one of the hardest fought battles in the Peninsular war The French loss amounted to 7000 killed and wounded, the English to upwards of 5000.

three potent nations,—England, Spain, and France

431 *before his shrine*,—a vague poetical expression for ‘as a sacrifice to him’

432. On this line see note on l 207

434. *scarfs of mix’d embroidery*,—‘flags ornamented with various devices’

436 *war-hounds*,—the soldiers

- 439 *The Grave, &c* ;—‘Death shall be the greatest winner.’
- 440 *scarce for joy can number*,—‘is too much preoccupied by delightful anticipations to be able to number’
441. *to offer sacrifice*,—*sc* to the Battle-god
- 442 *strange orisons*,—the ‘shouts’ of l 444, ‘strange,’ because addressed to this monstrous divinity
- 443 *flout the pale blue skies*,—‘flout’=‘mock’ with their bright colours, ‘pale,’ by contrast
445. *fond*,—‘foolishly kind’
446. *That fights for all, but ever fights in vain*,—owing in part to her naval supremacy, England had gradually become the champion of Europe against Napoleon, but hitherto his power had increased, notwithstanding, as it happened, this Peninsular war was the turning-point after which she did not ‘fight in vain’
- 449 *the field that each pretends to gain*,—after three days’ fighting the French retired from Talavera, but the English were too exhausted to pursue ‘Field’ is here used equivocally, for ‘soil’ with ‘fertilise,’ and for ‘battle’ with ‘gain’
- 451 *Yes, Honour decks, &c* ;—a comment on ‘honour’d’ in the previous line, ‘yes’ is ironical, implying the contrary
- 456 *Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?*—‘compass’=‘succeed in gaining’ The stress is on ‘hails’ ‘Can despots succeed in gaining any possession where their rule is welcome?’ The principle implied is that a dominion not based on the affection of subjects is no real possession
459. Albuera is in the neighbourhood of Badajos, in Estremadura The battle, in which the British troops under Beresford repulsed the French under Soult, though with great loss to themselves, was fought on May 15, 1811, consequently, after the two first Cantos of Childe Harold were written. This stanza was added after the author’s return to England
- of grief*,—see note on l 21
- 460 *the Pilgrim*,—Childe Harold, who was on his ‘Pilgrimage’
- prick’d*,—‘spurred’, here used transitively Spenser often uses the word absolutely, as Faery Queene, I I I
- ‘A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plaine.’
463. *may the warrior’s meed, &c* ,—‘may fame, which is the soldier’s due, and tears of regret shed in the moment of triumph cause their recompense to be durable’
- 465 *till others fall, &c* ,—‘The name of Albuera shall be renowned until it is eclipsed by another battle’
- 468 *batle’s mimions*,—‘mimions’=‘court favourites,’ ‘satellites’ It is commonly used in an unfavourable sense, cp 2 230, ‘minions of

splendour' Byron frequently expressed his contempt for military men, cp 2 360, 'laughed at martial wight'

470 *scarce*,—the reserve implied in this word, when the thing spoken of is impossible, is highly ironical

473 *hurelings*,—'mercenaries,' 'soldiers paid for their service in the field'

474-6 *that living might*, &c—paraphrase thus—'who, if they had lived, might have disgraced their country, and might perhaps have perished in some domestic quarrel, or (instead of pillaging foreign countries) have practised robbery on a smaller scale (e.g. as highwaymen)' This way of speaking of the common soldier is almost brutal, and is only partially justified by the occasional excesses of both the English and French armies in the Peninsula

478 *proud Sevilla*,—Byron uses 'proud' almost as a constant epithet of Seville, cp 1 657 So Genoa is called by the Italians '*la superba*'

triumphs unsubdued,—'can boast that she has not been conquered'

479 *yet*,—'up to the present time'

481 *domes*,—a general expression for lofty, spacious buildings, cp 4. 786, of the Capitoline Museum at Rome 'tower' is another word which Byron uses in the same general way, see note on 2 17

traces,—footprints of the 'fiery foot'; Lat *vestigia*

483 *where Desolation plants her famish'd brood*,—'where Devastation occupies the place with greedy pillagers', i.e. where the place is looted by soldiers eager for the spoil 'Desolation' here is 'the act of laying desolate' If the line is interpreted as—'in a deserted city, inhabited by a few half-starved persons,' there is little force in 'murder cease to thrive,' which refers to the soldiers

484 *or Ilion, Tyre*,—'or' = 'otherwise' On the *asyndeton* (omission of conjunction) between 'Ilion' and 'Tyre,' see Essay on Style, 2 f, p 38

486 *the coming doom*,—Seville surrendered to the French on Jan 31, 1810

487 *abounds*,—the sing here is barely defensible, it would not have been used except for the rhyme

489 *nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds*,—'patriots,' ironical, 'with' = 'owing to', 'their country's wounds do not cause them to bleed' or possibly, 'in sympathy with' The whole expression is a strong way of saying, 'They are not affected by the sufferings of their country'

490 *Love's rebeck*,—the 'jocund rebeck' of Milton's L'Allegro Byron describes it in a note as 'a kind of fiddle, with only two strings, played on by a bow'

493. *girl*,—as if they were her retinue

493 *silent*,—not to be divulged

494 *kind Vice*,—the epithet is partly ironical, and partly implies that vice mitigated suffering

clings to the tottering walls,—‘does not desert the city in its extremity of danger.’

496 *nor casts his heavy eye afar*,—‘heavy,’ because weighed down by anxiety, ‘afar,’ ‘beyond the immediate neighbourhood of his house,’ for fear lest the enemy should have overrun his property

498 *the dun hot breath of war*,—‘the gloomy sulphureous smoke of battle’

499 *consenting*;—‘sympathetic,’ ‘propitious’

500 *Fandango*,—a Spanish dance with castanets, here it is personified For other instances of customs or practices personified, cp 1 802, ‘Duenna sage’, 2. 746, ‘merry Carnival’ Castanets are small pieces of wood clattered in the hand to accompany dancing.

502 *in the toils*,—‘entangled in the meshes of the net’

506 *the leagues to cheer*,—‘to while away the tedious journey’

507 *His quick bells*,—a number of small bells are attached to the headgear of the Spanish mules

508 *Vivā el Rey*,—‘long live the King,’ i.e. King Ferdinand On the personages here mentioned see Prefatory Note to this Canto

510 *The royal witto!*,—on the *asyndeton* cp note on l 484 ‘Witto!’ is ‘one who is privy to his wife’s infidelity,’ from ‘to wit,’ i.e. ‘to know’

511. *the black-eyed boy*,—Godoy

516. *the greensward’s darken’d vest*,—‘the discoloured surface of the turf’

519 *the dragon’s nest*,—the enemy’s encampment

522 *And whomsoever*, &c ,—on the omission of the antecedent see Essay on Style, 3 d (3), p. 41 Shelley avails himself of the same license in Prometheus Unbound, 2 5

‘And the souls of whom thou lovest

Walk upon the winds with lightness

but the peculiarity in this place consists in the antecedent being the subject of the principal verb

523 *badge of crimson hue*,—‘The red cockade, with “Fernando Septimo” in the centre’—Author’s note

524 *whom to shun and whom to greet*,—‘who is foe and who is friend.’

527. This is a comment on ‘woe to the man’, such is the fate that will befall him

528 *And sorely*, &c ;—the general meaning is ‘It would be the worse for the French invaders if assassination were a match for fighting in the field’

530. *clear the cannon's smoke*,—a poetical expression for 'neutralise artillery'

531, 2 The meaning is,—'batteries of guns are erected at every point on the heights of the Sierra Morena' This range of mountains separates the basin of the Guadalquivir from that of the Guadiana 'Dusky' is probably used as an *etymological* epithet to explain 'Morena,' as meaning 'the dark mountam,' though the name is really derived from the ancient title Mons Marianus

533 *compass sight*,—'succeed in seeing', cp 1 456.

534 *howitzer*,—a kind of light cannon.

the broken road,—broken to prevent approach

535 *bristling*,—with stakes

the fosse o'erflow'd,—trenches filled with water

537 *The magazine in rocky durance stow'd*,—'powder magazine excavated in the bowels of the rock'

538 *The holster'd steed beneath the shed of hatch*,—'horse ready for action in an extemporised stable' 'Holster'd'='with holsters for military pistols'

539 *The ball-piled pyramid*,—'pyramid of piled balls' 'Pyramid' is the technical name used for such piles of shot in garrisons

ever blazing,—always ready to fire

540 *he whose nod, &c.*,—Napoleon, who had dethroned various lesser kings.

542 *the rod*,—i.e. of chastisement

544 *through these*,—through the Spanish defences

545 *The West*,—Spain, as being the westernmost country, possibly there is a reference to the name Hesperia

548 *to Hades*,—'to the realm of death'

551 *No step*,—'[is there to be] no step'. the absence of a verb produces the effect of an exclamation

552. *The rise of rapine*,—'[between] the increase of French aggrandisement and &c'

555 *all that desperate Valour acts*,—'desperate deeds of heroism'

559 *Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar*,—the willow, especially the weeping-willow, was an emblem of sorrow, and so of deserted lovers; as Spenser says, Faery Queene, 1 1 9 3.

'The willow worne of forlorn paramours'

hence hanging the hair on the willow was equivalent to renouncing love. 'Unstrung,' because for the time disused.

560 *anlace*,—a kind of mediæval dagger.

563 *an owl's larum chilled with dread*,—'[and whom] the call of a tiny owl affrighted'—in contrast to the call (alarum) of battle 'Alarm,' of which 'alarum' and 'larum' are other forms, is derived

from Ital *all'arme*, and therefore they properly mean 'a summons to battle'

564 *jar*,—'clash'

567 *her tale*,—'the narrative of her deeds' The reference is to the Maid of Zaragoza (Saragossa), who, when that city was besieged by the French, mounted a battery, where her lover, an artillery-man, had fallen mortally wounded, and snatching the match from his hand, worked the gun in his place She was at Seville at the time of Byron's visit.

569 *mocks*,—'defies comparison with'

570-2 The numerous alliterations in these lines are intended to harmonise with the gracefulness of what is described

574 *Danger's Gorgon face*,—danger *petrifies* the beholder, as Medusa's head turned every one who looked at it to stone

575 *thin the closed ranks*,—'mow down the serried lines of the foe'

576 foll The arrangement of this stanza is noticeable In the first four lines the first and last half are contrasted, the four next correspond in meaning, verse by verse, to the four preceding

582 *What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost*,—'what maid [can like her] retrieve [the fortune of the day] when the hopes that excited men have given way to despair?'

584 *before a batter'd wall*,—'though the walls they attacked were in ruins'

586. *witching*,—for 'bewitching', cp 2. 241.

588 *horrid*,—'dreadful', like the *horrida acies, castra, proelia* of Virgil.

590 *that hovers o'er her mate*,—*e* preparing to seize or harm him

592 *Remoter females, fam'd for sickening prate*,—'the women of a distant country who are characterised by wearisome loquacity' English ladies are meant

594. 5. For the idea contained in these lines the author refers to—

'Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo

Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem'

(this is quoted by Nonius, *s v* 'mollitudo' from Varro's *Saturnae*)

596 *pout to leave their nest*,—'betray impatience to fly off'

598-600 *how much*, &c.—in metaphorical language this is—'Phoebus, as a wooer, has tried to steal a kiss from her cheek, but she has escaped only the fairer from his embrace' Divested of metaphor it means—'the sun has deepened the tint of her complexion, but in doing so has given it a clearer brilliancy'

601 *paler dames*,—for 'pale' in the sense of 'light-complexioned' cp 2. 666, 'the pale Franks'

603 foll The comparison between the women of Spain and those of Turkey serves to lessen somewhat the abruptness of the transition to

the invocation of Parnassus in l 612, which anyhow is sudden, and is half apologised for in ll 639 foll. But it is interesting thus to catch a glimpse of the surroundings in the midst of which this part of the poem was composed. For other instances of this in *Childe Harold*, see 3 642, 801, 4 949.

603 *ye climes ' which poets love to laud*,—the East. So Byron, after an elaborate laudation at the commencement of the *Bride of Abydos*, says—

'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the Sun'

604 *ye harems*,—the *harem* is the women's apartments, which, in Mahometan dwellings, are separate from those of the men. Hence the term comes to be used of the wives and concubines of a Mahometan.

605 *far distant*,—sc from Spain. This Canto was written in Turkey, of which Greece was at this time a province.

606 *Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow*,—'charms that the severest critic must acknowledge', i.e. those of the Spanish women.

607 *Match me those Houries*,—'I challenge you to compare those lovely women'. 'Houris' is a Mahometan nymph of Paradise.

608. *To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind*,—a splendidly poetical expression for 'to walk abroad for fear of suitors'.

609 *deign to know*,—as connected with 'match me' above, the meaning is—'if you would compare the women of Turkey with those of Spain, then let me tell you that we find your Mahometan paradise in Spain'.

612 The passage which follows is a curious instance of poetical adaptation. Byron tells us in a note that it was written at Castri, on the site of Delphi, and the 'echoes' of l 619 are those made by the steep cliffs at the back of that place, but the snowy summit of Parnassus (l 615) cannot be seen from Delphi or its neighbourhood. The fact is that, notwithstanding the words 'which I now survey,' he was describing his recollection of what he had previously seen at a distance. His first view of Parnassus was obtained from Vostitza, on the southern shore of the Corinthian gulf, and Moore says in his *Life*, p 99, when speaking of this passage, 'two days after, the stanzas, with which that vision had inspired him, were written'.

613 *the phrensy of a dreamer's eye*,—cp Shakspere, *Mids. Night's Dream*, 5 1 12.

'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling'

614 *the fabled landscape of a lay*,—a scene imagined in a poem.

618 *pilgrims*,—'visitors from distant lands', cp 2 856.

619 *woo thine Echoes*,—the metaphorical meaning is 'call forth from thee a responsive strain', but there is a special reference to the echoes at Delphi, which were famous in antiquity.

623, 4. 'And now [that] I view thee, it is with a sense of shame, that I am forced to adore thee with such feeble utterances'

628 *thy cloudy canopy*,—as the summit of the mountain is described as visible, this must refer to clouds hanging over it

634 *his grot*,—the Adytum, or subterranean chamber, in which the oracles were delivered by the Pythia

636-8 The melodious rhythm, combined with alliteration, in these three lines, is beautifully adapted to the sense. See Essay on Style, 4. e, p. 48.

638. *glassy*,—'smooth as glass.'

643 *hail'd*,—'saluted'

646 *Daphne's deathless plant*,—the ever-green bay According to the legend, the nymph Daphne, when unable to escape from Apollo who was pursuing her, prayed to the gods, and was metamorphosed into a bay-tree, after which Apollo adopted the bay as his emblem In English the story is gracefully told in Wordsworth's *Russian Fugitive*, Pt 3,

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy,' &c

647 *Nor let*, &c ;—'let not my hope of being a poet be frustrated'

649 *round thy giant base*,—Parnassus is the most massive of all the Greek mountains, not forming a range, but supported on all sides by huge buttresses 'Round'='about,' 'on this or that side of'

651 *The Pythian hymn*,—the utterances of the priestess, which were supposed to be inspired by Apollo, when she sat on the tripod, and was affected by the exhalations from the chasm beneath it

652 *a train*,—'a procession of maidens', cp Moore, *Hymn of a Virgin of Delphi* .

'When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awaked their choral lays,
And danced around Cassotis' fount'

653 *Andalusia*,—the southern province of Spain, in which Seville and Cadiz are situated

655 *Ah ! that to these*,—the reference is again to the distress caused by the war in Spain

658 *her site of ancient days*,—Seville was the *Hispalis* of the Romans

659. *Cadiz, rising on the distant coast*,—Cadiz is almost surrounded by water, being built on a peninsula, which is joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. As seen from the sea, the whiteness of its buildings forms a beautiful contrast to the blue water cp ll 671, 712. 'Distant,' as being in a remote part of the Peninsula.

662 *mantling*,—'circulating in luxurious fulness' Milton and others use the word in a similar manner of the growth of the vine

664. *A Cherub-hydra*,—like a serpent with angelic aspect
gape,—'stand open-mouthed,' ready to devour.

666 *Paphos*,—the special seat of the worship of Venus, in Cyprus
cp 1 61, 'Paphian girls'

667 *The Queen who conquers all*,—cp Sophocles, *Ant* 800, ἄμαχος
θεὸς Ἀφροδίτα.

669 *her native sea*,—she was fabled to have been born from the foam
of the sea, ἀφρογένεα: hence the name Ἀφροδίτη

674 *A thousand altars, &c*,—the reference is to the universal revelry
of Cadiz, but though this is contrasted with the 'one dome' of Paphos,
yet this line was probably suggested by Virgil's description of her
worship at that place, *Aen* 1 415-7.

'Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
Ture calent arae'

678 *Deuces quaint, &c*,—'one ingenious trick succeeds to another'
'Kibes' is apparently used here in the sense of 'heels,' but it means
'chilblains'

680 *sojourns*,—the last syllable is accented

681-3 The meaning is—'there are no restraints to act as a check;
there is religion, it is true, but this consists in ceremonies, and love-
making and praying go on simultaneously, or alternately.'

684 The connexion with what precedes and what follows is this
To show how religion and revelry go hand in hand in Cadiz, the poet
describes the observance of Sunday there, and this introduces the episode
of the bull-fight, which is briefly sketched here, and elaborately depicted
further on, after a satirical description of an English Sunday

686 *a solemn feast*,—the bull-fight

687 *the forest-monarch*,—the bull

688 *sniffs the spouting gore*,—'eagerly inhales the scent of blood'

690 *for more*,—'for the renewal of the combat'

691 *entrails freshly torn*,—when a horse is gored, the entrails often
hang out

693 foll These two stanzas, from their humorous and satirical vein,
are more worthy of Beppo or Don Juan than Childe Harold. But from
what the poet says in his Preface, p 50, he seems originally to have
intended to introduce more of this element, and a number of such
stanzas, which existed in the original manuscript, were afterwards cut
out. He half repented of publishing these two, for he said in a letter
printed in Moore's Life, p 133, 'perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning
cast on London's Sunday are as well left out' Moore himself, p 151,
speaks of them as disfiguring the poem

693 *The seventh day this*,—from calling Sunday the Sabbath, Byron
seems to have fallen into the mistake of regarding it as the seventh day
of the week instead of the first

696 *gulp*,—contemptuous for 'breathe eagerly'

697 *Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one horse chair*,—in the early editions 'hackney' is spelt with a capital letter a 'hackney-coach,' however, had nothing to do with the borough of Hackney, but is derived from Old Eng *hakeneý*, 'a hired horse', our 'hack' is an abbreviation of 'hackney' See Skeat, Etym Dict, and cp Chaucer, Cant Tales, 16027

'His hakeneý, that was a pomely grice'

'Whiskey,' a light carriage, 'chair' = 'chaise,' vulgar 'shay'

698 *sundry*,—'a variety of'

699 *To Hampstead, &c*,—these towns, and those mentioned in the next stanza, are specimens of places within easy reach of London

700 *to hurl*,—'to hurry along'

702 *Thamus*,—one of many forms of the name Thames, Lat *Tamēsis* *ribbon'd fair*,—ladies adorned with ribbons

703 *turnpike*,—for 'turnpike road,' until lately the name for a high road, because such roads were maintained by payments at turnpikes

705. *the steep of Highgate*,—half poetical, half ironical, for Highgate Hill

706 *Bæotian shades*,—these are invoked because, as we learn from the author's note, the passage was written at Thebes 'Shades' is a piece of poetical commonplace, meaning something like 'groves of Helicon,' i e 'haunts of the Muses'

707 *the worship of the solemn Horn*,—it was a custom at the public-houses in Highgate to administer to visitors on a pair of horns an oath, to the effect that they would never drink small beer when they could get strong, unless they liked it better, together with a variety of similar pledges

708 *in the holy hand of mystery*,—as if it were the celebration of a mysterious rite

711 *All have their fooleries—not alike are thine*,—'every nation has its foolish divisions, but those of Cadiz do not resemble those of England' The use of 'alike' here is peculiar, because it is generally applied to *two* things compared, not to one thing compared to another

713 *matin bell*,—'bell for matins'

714 *saint adorers*,—worshippers of saints

count the rosary,—'tell their beads' The rosary is a string of beads, for each of which a prayer is to be said

717 *beadsmen*,—'persons who tell beads, say over prayers,' 'suppliants.'

720 foll A few introductory remarks may serve to illustrate the description of a Spanish bull fight which follows The bull-ring in which it takes place (called 'arena' in l 690, 'circus' in l 718) is in shape like a Roman amphitheatre, with tiers of seats rising all round the central area The men who take part in the fight are divided into

three classes—the *chulos* or ordinary footmen, the *picadors* or horsemen and the *matador*. The function of the *chulos* is to attract the bull's attention from a fallen *picador* by waving bright handkerchiefs, and to stick barbed darts into the animal's shoulders ('his arms a dart,' l. 744). The *picadors* are armed with a lance, and their legs are padded and sheathed to protect them against the bull's horns. The *matador*, who is the final and most skilled combatant, is the 'slayer' of the bull (*matador* from *matar* 'to kill'), this he accomplishes by standing before it in single combat, and when a favourable opportunity presents itself, flinging his cloak over its head, and plunging his sword between its shoulder-blades. Before the bull enters, the actors make obeisance to the official who presides on the occasion ('lowly bending,' l. 732). At the conclusion, the carcass of the dead bull is dragged out by a number of gaily decorated mules. It will be seen that Byron has not distinguished between the two classes who fight on foot, for he calls them all by the name of 'Matadores'.

The whole passage is very fine, the scene being idealised throughout, and the brutality veiled by felicitous diction (see especially ll. 770, 771). Observe how in successive stanzas (Nos 76, 77, 78) our sympathy is enlisted, first for the *picador*, next for the horse, finally, and most of all, for the bull. Note also the dramatic turn given by the sudden address to the *picador* in l. 757.

There is a famous description of a Spanish bull-fight in the middle of the seventeenth century in Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, xii. 90.

721. *piled*,—tier above tier

723. *lated*,—for 'belated', cp. Shakspeare, Macbeth, 3. 3. 6, 'lated traveller'. So 'witching' for 'bewitching,' above, l. 586.

724. *dons*,—'Spanish gentlemen.' The word 'don,' wherever found, is a corruption of Lat. *dominus*.

728. *moon-struck*,—'crazed,' 'lunatic'. The moon has been supposed to affect the mind and system in various ways, thus the Greek *σεληνιασμός* is epilepsy.

744. *he fights aloof*,—the reference is to the Parthian mode of fighting of the footmen, who plunge their darts into the bull and then run away.

747. *the signal falls*,—the flag is dropped.

748. *expands*,—'is thrown wide open'.

expectation mute, &c.,—the spectators sit silent and open-mouthed in expectation. For the mode of expression, cp. Tacitus, Hist. i. 17. 4, 'circumsteterat interim Palatium publica expectatio'. The scene is admirably described in the following passage of Clark's *Gazpacho*, p. 51. 'The vast crowd is stilled at once into the hush of breathless expectation. It is not an ordinary silence, not the mere negation of sound, but something positive, intense, almost appalling—the silence

which 15,000 people make together All eyes are fixed on yonder opening gate,—there is yet a pause of a few moments, that seem an age,—and then forth rushes the expected of all expectants—EL TORO.’

750 *lashing*,—the word expresses sudden and unrestrained motion, as we talk of a horse ‘lashing out’

754, 5. Observe the effect of alliteration in these lines, also in 774, 775, and 785, and compare Essay on Style, 4 *d*, pp 45 foll

760 *croupe*,—‘croupe’ or ‘croupade’ in the manège is a leap in which the horse pulls up his hind legs, as if he drew them up to his belly Webster’s Dict

762 *clear*,—of bright blood.

766 *the wild plunging of the tortured horse*,—‘the tortured horse which plunges wildly’, cp 3 673, ‘the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone’

770 *unseam’d*,—‘ripped up’

773 *stemming all*,—‘resisting the tendency to collapse’

776 *brast*,—another form of ‘burst’, cp Spenser, Faery Queene, 1 9. 21. 7

‘Als flew his steed, as he his bands had *brast*’

781. *conynge*,—‘skilful,’ the earlier meaning of the word ‘cunning.’

782 Just as the whole description of the bull-fight is briefly anticipated in st. 68, so here the bull’s fall is first mentioned, and in the following stanza the details which precede it are given

785. *decline*,—‘give way,’ ‘sink fainting’, he refuses to realise that he has received his death blow.

789 *vulgar eyes*,—of those who love the slaughter, and have no sympathy for his brave resistance

797 *Though now one phalanx’d host*, &c.,—the meaning is—‘notwithstanding that many may be withdrawn to fight in the army, a sufficient number will remain to keep up private murder’ ‘Phalanx’d’=‘marshalled in compact lines,’ *φάλαγξ* having been the Greek word for the heavy infantry in close array

800 *whence*,—‘owing to which’

801 ‘But [though Revenge remains] Jealousy has fled’

his bars,—Jealousy, naturally feminine, as being a quality, is here masculine, because the jealousy of the male sex is meant.

802 *centinel*,—rarer, and less accurate, mode of spelling sentinel, the Span. is *centinela*

Duenna,—an elderly lady, appointed to watch the behaviour of young ladies Here, as in the case of ‘Fandango’ (1 500), the institution is personified

804 *which the stern dotard*, &c.,—‘which (generous soul) Jealousy (the jealous husband or father), ineffectually strict, thought to imprison’

806 *late*,—‘of late years’

809 Cp Horace, Od 1 4 5, 'Jam Cytheræ choris ducit Venus, imminente luna'

811 *Or dream'd he loved*,—Byron was fond of doubting the reality of his own feelings, cp. 2 364

813 *For not yet*, &c,—he had not yet forgotten the loss of his first love, sc. Miss Chaworth.

815 *Love has no gift*, &c ;—the general meaning is—'the best thing in love is that its object should be easily changed, because, whatever its charms, it is always alloyed by some bitterness' 'Wings' here mean 'instruments of change'

817 *Full from the fount*, &c,—'some bitterness, springing from the midst of the same source which produces enjoyment, poisons the blossoms of love' 'Full from' = 'right out of' The author refers to Lucret 4 1133, 4:

'—medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat'

820 *as it moves the wise*,—with sober admiration

823 *raves itself to rest, or flies*,—'if it does not actually cease, at least reposes through exhaustion.'

824 *digs her own voluptuous tomb*,—'wears itself out by indulgence'

827 *faded*,—'which had lost its brightness'

828. *still he beheld, nor mungled*, &c,—'notwithstanding that pleasure was lost to him, still he looked on at the revellers, though he did not join them'

831 *But who may smile*, &c.,—'the victim of destiny cannot force a smile.'

833. *the demon's sway*;—the power of melancholy

836. *those that soothed his happier day*,—see note on l. 813

837 foll The song to Inez was written at Athens The extreme simplicity of its style is in keeping with its melancholy tone, it has few metaphors or epithets, and alliteration is almost absent In these points it forms a marked contrast to the 'Good Night' song in the early part of this Canto

837 *smile not at*, &c,—'smile not upon me who look so gloomy'

838 *smile again*,—'return your smiles.'

844. 'A pang, [which] ev'n thou, &c'

854. *The fabled Hebrew wanderer*,—the Wandering Jew

857 *What Exile*, &c,—from Horace, Od. 2. 16 19 'patriæ quis exsul Se quoque fugit?'

860 *The blight of life—the demon Thought*,—the remembrance of the past, which blights my life'

869 *rapt*;—lit 'caught up,' 'transported out of self,' 'in rapture'

875 *changing*,—'inconstant,' 'disloyal'

876 *First to be free*, &c.,—‘to be free’ here means ‘to maintain freedom’ Cadiz showed the example of refusing to submit For the circumstances referred to, see note on l 879

last to be subdued,—Cadiz was subsequently besieged by the French for two years, but was not captured

879 *A traitor only fell*,—after the proclamation of Joseph Bonaparte as King of Spain, the Marquis of Solano, who was commanding a Spanish force in Cadiz, in May 1808 was ordered by the Provisional Government at Seville to attack a French squadron which had taken refuge there from the English He refused to do so, and was killed by the people

880 *save Nobility*,—‘except the nobles’, the contrast between ‘noble’ and ‘Nobility’ here is an instance of *oxymoron*, see Essay on Style, 2 a, p 36

881 *hugg’d a conqueror’s chain*,—‘were content with servitude’ Cp Byron’s Stanzas

‘No other pleasure
With this could measure,
And like a treasure
We’d hug the chain’

fallen Chivalry,—‘debased aristocrats’

882 foll The poetical artifices of this stanza are worthy of careful study In l 882 there is simple alliteration in the seven following lines the anomalies of Spanish history and character are marked by contrasted expressions in each line, while in 886, 888, and 889 this is further helped by alliteration, in 886 the contrasted words (‘*due*,’ ‘*treachery*’, cp 2 600) being alliterative, in 888 the contrasted portions having alliterations on different letters, and in 889 the alliterations alternating on the contrasted words (‘*back*,’ ‘*baffled*’—‘*struggle*,’ ‘*strife*’)’

882 *strange her fate*,—as shown by the anomalies that follow

883 *who were never free*,—having been subject to a despotic, though feeble, government

884 *A Kingless people*,—Napoleon had deposed Ferdinand VII, and placed his own brother Joseph on the throne of Spain see Prefatory Note to this Canto

885 *vassals*,—‘subjects of the monarchy’ As fighting is here spoken of, there is perhaps a reference to feudal military service, with which the word was originally associated

887, 8 The meaning is—‘as they love their country, notwithstanding that it gave them nothing beyond life (i.e. none of the things which a man may expect from his country—safety, order, and political rights), the motive which leads them to struggle for freedom is national pride’ On the *anacoluthon* in these lines, see Essay on Style, 3 c, p. 40.

889 *Back to the struggle, &c*,—‘when foiled in the contest they at once renew the struggle’ The latter clause is put first, in order to give the force of immediateness, and the absence of grammar is partly made up for by the alliteration, which points the contrasted words

890 ‘*War even to the knife*’,—this was the answer of George Iborat at Zaragoza (Saragossa) to the French summons of surrender Byron, in his note, attributes it to Palafox, the other leader on that occasion

891, 2 Paraphrase thus—‘the study of the most murderous annals of the world’s history is the best introduction to a right understanding of Spain and its people’

893 *Vengeance urged on foreign foe*,—Vengeance is personified, and is supposed to be impelled by the natives to attack their enemies Paraphrase—‘whatever Vengeance can effect against foreign enemies, is being enacted there’ This was the Guernilla warfaie

895 *From flashing scimitar to secret knife, &c*,—‘every form of attack is used, from battle to assassination’ ‘flashing’ is a vivid expression for ‘seen in open fight,’ in contrast to ‘secret’ ‘scimitar’ poetical for ‘sabre,’ cp 4 142

897-9 Both the sense, and the break in the sentence after ‘bleed,’ suggest that ‘so may’ beais a different sense in ll 897, 8, from what it does in l 899 In the former it is final,—‘that in this way he may guard’, in the latter optative,—‘would that such foes, &c’

899 *deserve*,—‘deserve, and meet with as their deserts’

900 The meaning is—‘So much for the living but would any one let vengeance stop here, and feel compassion for the invaders after they are dead, and give them the rites of burial? Not so!’ This passage faithfully represents the exasperation of the Spaniards produced by the excesses of the French at this time

906 *blood’s unbleaching stain*,—for the idea that blood shed in murder would not wash out until avenged, cp Aeschylus, Choeph 66, 7

δι’ αἵματ’ ἐκποθένθ’ ὑπὸ χθονὸς τροφῶν

τίτας φόνος πέπηγεν, οὐ διαρρῦσαν

‘Bleach’d’ and ‘unbleaching’ are *antithetical* epithets, see Essay on Style, I g (5), p 35

907 *awe*,—‘aspect of horror’, ‘awe’ is the correlative of this

908 *Thus only may*,—‘may’ does not express a wish here, ‘this is the only way in which it will be possible,’ ‘otherwise they will not be able’

910 *Fresh legions pour*;—cp 4.382, which is imitated from Filicaja.

913 *She frees, &c*, the rest of Europe will follow her example in asserting their freedom

914 *fell Pizarros*,—Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror of Peru, is called ‘fell’ because of the avarice and treachery with which he brought

that country into slavery 'Pizarros' is a *generalising* plural, meaning 'men like Pizarro' so in Latin '*Scipiones et Laeli*' means 'men like Scipio and Laelius'

915 *Columbia's ease*, &c,—'the peace that reigns in America, the country discovered by Columbus, counterbalances the wrongs, &c'

916 *Quito's sons*,—Quito was the chief city of Peru at the time of Pizarro's conquest

918 *the blood at Talavera shed*,—see note on l 430

919 *the marvels of Barossa's fight*,—the battle of Barossa was fought near Cadiz in 1811 between the English under Graham and the French under Victor The 'marvels' were the resistance of the English under singularly unfavourable circumstances, and the charge by which they routed the enemy

920 *Albuera*,—see note on l 459

922 *Olive-Branch*,—symbol of peace

923 *breathe her*,—'take breath', a reflexive verb, cp note on l 28. *blushing*,—'which causes the blood to mantle in her cheeks'

924 *doubtful day*,—'day of doubt and danger'

925 *Frank robber*,—'French plunderer.'

926 *stranger-tree*,—'exotic,' 'which has not been naturalised in Spain.'

927 *my friend*!—the Hon John Wingfield, a friend and schoolfellow of the poet, who died of fever at Coimbra in Portugal in 1811, when on active service in the Guards These two stanzas were added at Newstead

931 *to descend*,—to the realm of the dead 'to descend' is a form of exclamation, 'to think of thy descending' Cp the use of the infin in Greek and Latin, e g Eur Alc 832, σοῦ τὸ μὴ φράσαι, Virg. Aen 1 37, 'Mene incepto desistere victam.'

932 *the lonely breast*,—the poet's own

933. *and mix unbleeding with the boasted slain*,—'mix,' in the world of departed spirits, 'boasted' = 'famous'

935. *What hadst thou done*;—'what crime hadst thou committed to deserve'

so peacefully,—implying that a peaceful death is to be deprecated by a chivalrous spirit.

940, 1 Paraphrase thus—'with daylight my secret sorrow for thy loss, which had been interrupted by thy appearance in my dreams, will return as I once more realise my bereavement'

942. *bloodless*,—of one not fallen in battle

943 *return to whence it rose*,—cp. Eccles 12 7 'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was' For the omission of the antecedent before 'whence,' cp. 4. 114, 193, 486

915. *fytte*,—archaic for 'song,' 'canto'
 948 *moe*,—archaic for 'more', cp Shakspeare, *Much Ado*, 2 3 65,
 'Sing no more ditties, sing no moe'
 949 *Is this too much?*—*sc.* what has already been written.
 952 *Eld*,—'antiquity'

CANTO II.

PREFATORY NOTES

1 *The removal of the marbles of the Parthenon*

The Parthenon, or temple of Athena in the Acropolis of Athens, remained almost intact until nearly the end of the seventeenth century, but when that place was besieged by the Venetians under Morosini in 1687, the Turks established a powder-magazine in the building, and this having been exploded by a bomb laid the central portion in ruins. The two ends, however, remained, together with the original sculptures, until, about the time of Byron's visit, Lord Elgin, the British ambassador to Turkey, having negotiated with the authorities on the spot, took down the greater part of the frieze of the cella, a number of the metopes, and some of the figures from the pediments. These were removed to England, and were purchased for the nation in 1816, and are now in the British Museum. The question can hardly yet be regarded as set at rest, whether this proceeding was justifiable, and consequently, whether the feeling which Byron has expressed on the subject in this Canto was righteous indignation or unreasonable sentiment. The conduct of other nations in respect of antiquities can hardly be brought into comparison with it, because, though they also have filled their museums with the spoils of Greece, yet these works of art have in most cases been obtained by excavation, or had fallen before they were carried off, whereas the marbles of the Parthenon were removed from the walls of that temple, where they had stood ever since the time of Phidias. In defence of their removal it is alleged that the sculpture was perishing (though, as a matter of fact, it retained its present state of comparative perfection after a lapse of more than 2000 years), that worse accidents might happen to them, and that in England they would be an incalculable advantage to the art-students of Europe. But these considerations are of little weight to counterbalance the violation of right sentiment which the proceeding involved. What Hare remarked

on the subject of robbing a church (Guesses at Truth, 2nd Ser p 310)—that it is an outrage against that which gives human life its highest dignity and preciousness—is applicable with slight modification here. A monument of antiquity, which is associated with some of the greatest men and greatest deeds that the world has seen, and is from every point of view a worthy memorial of them, deserves to be treated with an almost religious reverence. It has been, and still is, regarded thus by the civilised world, and therefore any injury offered to it is an act of vandalism.

2 *Byron's journey through Albania and Greece*

Canto 2 opens with the subject of Athens and the spoliation of the Parthenon, and then returns to the poet's journey. From Gibraltar he sailed to Malta (ll 136 foll.) in company with Hobhouse, and from that place they were allowed a passage in a brig of war, which was conveying some merchantmen to Prevesa on the Albanian coast (ll 316 foll.) Landing there, they proceeded to Yanina (Joannina), the capital of Epirus (ll 415 foll.), and to Tepelen, the seat of Ali Pasha's court (ll 487 foll.) Returning to the Gulf of Aiga, they started in a vessel to go to Patras, but were overtaken by a storm, and after being in great danger, were driven on the coast near Sulí (ll 595 foll.) They then determined to make their journey overland through Acarnania, and as that country was in a disturbed state, they took with them a guard of thirty-seven Albanian soldiers (ll 613 foll.) Thus they reached Patras by way of Mesolonghi, and proceeding to Vostitza on the coast of Achaia, crossed the Corinthian Gulf to Delphi (l 612 foll.) From that place they journeyed through Phocis and Boeotia to Athens, of which city they obtained their first view from Phyle (ll 702, 3) Greece was at this time a province of Turkey, and its inhabitants were in a very depressed condition owing to the harshness of the Ottoman rule, but Byron even then believed that there was a reasonable hope of their regaining their freedom.

Line 1 The exordium (ll 1-135) treats of the decadence of Greece, together with the thoughts of man's littleness which it suggests, and of the removal of the marbles of the Parthenon.

blue-eyed maid of heaven,—'blue-eyed' was in Byron's time the received translation of *γλαυκῶπις*, the Homeric epithet of Athena, which is now understood to mean 'with gleaming eyes' 'maid of heaven,' as being the virgin goddess.

But thou, &c.,—the poet, entering on the subject of Greece, and writing at Athens, desires to invoke Athena, the tutelary goddess of that city but the wish was vain, for she was the goddess of wisdom, not of song

3 thy temple,—the Parthenon

4 war and wasting fire,—both expressions refer to the same event, viz the Venetian siege, see Prefatory Note 1

5 bade,—‘ordered,’ ‘ordained,’ ‘time decreed that the worship of Athena should pass away’

6 ages slow,—the same as ‘years that bade, &c.’. ‘ages slow’ implies long neglect owing to its abandonment as a place of worship

7-9 the dread sceptre, &c.,—‘the injurious power exercised by men devoid of real culture’ The Turks are meant

10 Ancient of days,—a title applied to the Supreme Being in Dan 7 9, 13, 22

august,—for the Gr *πόρνια* or *σεμνή*, both epithets of Athena

12 glimmering through the dream of things that were,—‘dimly seen through the vague medium of past history’

15 A schoolboy’s tale,—cp 1 401, and Juvenal 10 166, 7

‘I, demens et saevas curre per Alpes,

Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.’

the wonder of an hour,—‘an object of admiration to the passing visitor’

16 The warrior’s weapon and the sophist’s stole,—the fame of Greece in war and in philosophy ‘Stole’ (Gr *στολή*, Lat *stola*) is a long upper dress reaching to the feet, it is here taken to represent the dress of a philosopher.

17 tower,—Byron uses this word in a vague sense for any conspicuous building, cp 1 836, ‘Athena’s tower,’ for the Parthenon, 1 573, ‘Saragoza’s tower,’ for the fortress for the similar use of ‘dome’ see note on 1 481

18 Dim with the mist of years,—‘buildings, the original appearance of which the lapse of time hardly allows us to realise’ cp 11 87, 8 ‘Dim’ does not refer to the buildings being discoloured or defaced, but like ‘the mist of years’ is an imaginative expression The whole line refers to impressions on the mind’s eye, not to visible objects

gray fits the shade of power,—‘a feeling of past greatness haunts the spot’, cp 4 5, ‘A thousand years their cloudy wings expand’ ‘Gray’ is an expressive epithet implying age, pallor, and obscurity, and therefore is more suggestive than ‘hoar’ as applied to antiquity, cp 1 836, ‘gray Marathon’ Tennyson uses it with great skill, as in ‘gray spirit,’ of Ulysses, ‘gray shadow,’ of Tithonus

19 ~~fall~~ In order to understand the stanzas that follow, it is necessary to get a clear idea of the accessories referred to The poet supposes

himself to be standing amid the ruins of the temple of Zeus Olympius by the Ilissus (l 84) with the Acropolis full in view (l 21); in front of him lies a broken sepulchral urn (ll 20, 36), and not far off is a skull from some neighbouring burial-ground (l 43), then, as he is proceeding to moralise on human vicissitude, he summons to him as audience a native, who is supposed to be standing near (l 19). For a similar instance in Byron of summoning an audience, cp *The Giaour*

'Approach, thou craven crouching slave
Say, is not this Thermopylae?'

19 *Son of the morning*,—poetical expression for an 'Oriental' For similar idioms cp l 27, 'child of doubt', 4 594, 'Beauty's daughters'

20 *molest not yon defenceless urn*,—'spare the urn which lies in your way hither', the urn, like the skull of l 43, is introduced in order to be moralised upon.

21 *this spot*,—not Athens, but the Acropolis, which is the conspicuous object from the temple of Zeus Olympius, and hides the city from view

22 *whose shrines no longer burn*,—'on whose altars offerings are no longer made', cp l 431

24 *'Twas Jove's*,—'the religion of the nation was that of which Jove was the representative'

26 *soars*,—'rises towards heaven'

28, *he lifts his eye to heaven*,—'he hopes for a future state of happiness' For Byron's religious views see *Introd* p 17

30-2 The meaning is—'is not the suffering of the present life sufficient to prevent thee from desiring a future life, of the nature of which thou art ignorant?'

32 'Thou knowest not whither, and carest not, so long as thou art no longer on earth'

35 *weigh yon dust before it flies*,—'weigh'='ponder on', 'yon dust, &c', the dust in the sepulchral urn mentioned above, before it is scattered by the wind

37 *burst*,—'open', 'excavate', the 'mound' is a tumulus such as those of Ajax and Achilles on the plains of Troy near the Hellespont

38 *Far on the solitary shore*,—'far from Greece, his home, on the shore of Troy'

39 *falling nations mourn'd around*,—'falling' means 'who were being slain now that their champion was dead' 'nations,' the host before Troy, cp 4 12, 3 'mourned around,' as the Greeks after the death of Patroclus, *Hom* ll 23

40 *not one of saddening thousands weeps*,—'of all those mourners not one is now alive' 'saddening,' cp l 98, from which it would seem to

mean 'sorrowful'; if it is more than this, it must be 'those who were then being melted into tears'

41 *his vigil keeps*,—'maintains his nightlong lamentation'

42 *records*,—the *Iliad*

43 *You skull*,—see note on ll 19 foll

44 *a God*,—one who aspires to be 'mingled with the skies'

46 foll This meditation on a skull cannot fail to recall that of the gravedigger on Yorick's skull in *Hamlet*, 5 1 Byron converted a skull which was found at Newstead into a drinking-cup

48 *Ambition's airy hall*,—'hall,' like 'dome' in the next line, is suggested by the cavity of the skull, the brain that dwelt there was the instrument of ambition and thought 'airy,' full of ethereal ideas, the ἀνεμίεν φρόνημα of *Soph Ant* 354, this is intended to contrast with its present *earthly* state

50 *lack-lustre*,—'lacking the bright eyes', cp Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*, 3 9

'Where Beauty cannot keep her *lustrous* eyes'

51 *The gay recess*, &c,—'the hollow once occupied by the lively eyes, which flashed with wisdom, wit, and passion'

53 *sage or sophist*,—as distinguished from 'sage' (philosopher), 'sophist' means 'dialectician'

54. *People this lonely tower*, &c,—in other words, 'prove the resurrection of the body'

55 *Athena's wisest son*,—Socrates is meant Athena, the goddess of Athens, here stands for Athens, as Thebe, the name of the nymph, in Greek poets frequently stands for Thebes

57 *what we cannot shun*,—the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of all that is beyond

59 *brain born dreams of evil all their own*,—'imaginary evils of their own creation', i e the idea of suffering after death.

60 *Pursue what Chance*, &c,—cp *Soph Oed Tyr* 979

εἰκῇ κράτιστον ζῆν, ὅπως δύναιτό τις

62 *no forced banquet*, &c,—'no one is forced to partake of life against his will, when tired of it'

66 *the doctrine of the Sadducee*,—Acts 23 8 'The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection'

67 *sophists, madly vain of dubious lore*,—'professing teachers, who unreasonably parade the philosophy of disbelief' The *consistent* sceptic would say that a future life can neither be affirmed nor denied

72 *The Bactrian, Samuan sage*,—Zoroaster, the founder of the religion of the Parsees, was born in Bactriana Pythagoras in Samos On the occasion of the conjunction see *Essay on Style*, 2 f, p 38

73 *There, thou!*,—the sentence breaks off here, perhaps the verb to

be supplied is 'abideest' The sudden changes of construction in the first four lines of this stanza correspond to the impulsiveness of the thoughts The person referred to was a Cambridge friend, named Eddlestone, who died shortly after Byron's return from abroad in 1811, the stanza was written at Newstead

73 *whose love and life together fled*,—'together' implies that his love continued till death

74 *Have left me here*, &c ,—'the loss of thy love by death has rendered life and love objectless to me who remain behind'

75 *Turned with my heart*,—this seems to belong to 'There, thou,' above

can I deem thee dead, &c ,—'the vividness of my recollection of thee prevents me from believing that thou art dead'

78 'And welcome (woo) the thought of our meeting (vision) to my heart bereaved of thee (vacant breast)'

79 *young Remembrance*,—'remembrance of our youth'
then,—after death

80 *Be as it may*, &c ,—'whatever doom the future life may ordain for me'

82 *massy*,—cp 1 58 Some editions by mistake read 'mossy' here, an epithet unsuitable both to the hardness of the marble and the dryness of the climate of Athens

83 *yet unshaken*,—this implies that the column itself had fallen but the base remained The poet here supposes himself to take his seat on the base of one of the columns of the temple of Olympian Zeus, which occupied a platform of ground to the south-east of the Acropolis This temple, which was the largest ever erected to that divinity ('mightiest of many such'), was commenced by Pisistratus, and completed by Hadrian Fifteen lofty Corinthian columns now remain 'Base' is accurate, because Corinthian columns have bases, which Doric columns have not

84 *throne*,—'seat' (in majesty)

85 *Hence*,—'looking from this point'

let me trace The latent grandeur,—'let me try to recall the vanished magnificence', but 'latent' means more than this, viz that the grandeur, though no longer visible, is there *potentially*, and can even now be called up by the mind's eye But further thought (the poet goes on to say) shows this to be impossible—'It may not be'

88 *hath labour'd to deface*,—time is here conceived, not merely as a passive agency, & neglect, but as active with fell intent, by the instrumentality of quarrymen, who have used the stones for building, and the force of earthquakes These have been the two principal causes of the destruction of ancient buildings in Greece

89 *claim no passing sigh*,—not, 'deserve more than a passing sigh,' but, 'do not ask for (they would fail to win) even a transient sigh' the negative qualifies the verb, not the adjective

90 *carols by*,—'passes by, singing merrily'

91 *But who*,—the reference is to Lord Elgin see Prefatory Note 1

92 *where Pallas linger'd*,—this means that the Parthenon remained uninjured longer, and retained more of its ornament, than other temples

95 *Caledonia*,—the classical name of Scotland, Lord Elgin was a Scotchman

98 *they could violate*,—i.e. the English who took part in the spoliation *saddening*,—hardly more than 'sorrowful', cp 1 40

99 *altar*,—general expression for 'sacred monuments'

the long-eluctant brine,—'the ship was wrecked in the Archipelago'—Author's note

100 *But most*,—the point of this is that, though the English had taken some part in the work, the son of Caledonia was the leading spoiler But it is difficult to find any definite connexion between these words and those which precede Probably it refers to the general meaning of the last stanza, and signifies 'most injurious was'

the modern Pict,—the descendant, and representative, of the Picts, the barbarous, piratical inhabitants of Scotland

101 *to rive*,—'that he can destroy', part of the building was injured during the removal of the sculpture It was on this occasion that the expression of grief occurred, which is referred to in 1 106

Goth,—under Alaric, see note on 1 119

105 *Aught*,—'any scheme'

111 *the slaves*,—contemptible agents, devoid of the feelings of a free man, as contrasted with 'the free Britannia' below.

113 *The ocean queen*,—'[tell not that] the ocean queen'

117 *Eld forbore*,—'lapse of time abstained from injuring'

118. *thine Ægis, Pallas*,—the *ægis* was the short cloak worn by Athena, in which was set the Gorgon's head

119 *Stern Alaric and Havoc*,—Havoc is finely personified, and conceived as accompanying or escorting Alaric, cp 1 702, where Freedom is spoken of as in the company of Thiasylbus at Phyle The story here referred to is related by Zosimus the historian (p 253, ed Bonn), who says that when Athens was attacked by the Goths under Alaric in A.D. 395, the invader was deterred by the appearance of Athena and Achilles on the battlements of the city

121 *His shade, &c*,—the pendent clause is here explanatory, 'in vain, for his shade burst, &c'

122 *Bursting to light*,—'forcing its way to the daylight'

122 *array*,—‘dress,’ ‘garb,’ ‘panoply’

125 *Idly*,—‘careless,’ ‘unheeding’

128 *the dust they loved*,—‘the dust of those they loved’ but the poet’s words express more forcibly that the dust is the same as that which composed the beloved form

132 *To guard those relics ne’er to be restored*,—*i e* to prevent them from being further mutilated, since they can never be restored to their original perfection

135 The idea is that Greek sculpture, like Greek mythology, is the product of, and only suited to, bright skies

136 We now return to Childe Harold, who is leaving Spain, and sailing to Malta

137 *to urge*,—‘to describe him as hastening’

138-40 *Little reck’d he*, &c,—‘he cared little for the objects (lady-love or friends) whom others regret to leave behind’

143 *But Harold felt not*,—taken in connexion with the preceding line this means—‘he was no longer attracted by female charms, but was hardened by remorse’

144 *the land of war and crimes*,—Spain; cp 1 891, 2

146 *full*,—adverb, qualifying ‘fair’

148 *tight*,—every part sound and in good repair

149 *masts, spires, and strand*,—the leading features of a seaport as seen from the sea.

to the right,—a fancied point of view is here assumed

151 *The convoy*,—‘convoy’ is used of a fleet of vessels convoyed by a ship of war

like wild swans,—a fleet of ships is compared to wild swans in Virg Aen 1. 393 foll. The point of comparison here, independently of other points of resemblance, is that they move at equal distances, but in regular order

152 *The dullest sailer wearing bravely*,—‘the ship that sails slowest now presenting a gallant appearance’ ‘A dull sailer’ is on the analogy of ‘a slow, a fast, sailer’ ‘Wearing’=‘bearing itself’ ‘Brave’ is ‘fine’ with a sense of showiness, so ‘bravery’ is used of gay clothing and ornaments

155 *The well-reeved guns*,—*i e* securely fastened To ‘reeve’ is to pass the end of a rope through a hole in a block

the netted canopy,—to prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action—Author’s note The nautical term is the splinter net

156. *hoarse*,—because shouted with a loud, harsh voice

busy humming din,—‘murmur of voices of the busy sailors’

157. *tops*,—platforms by which the shrouds are extended

159 *the tackle glides*,—‘the rope runs,’ when being hauled or let out
‘Tackle’ is used for apparatus or gear of various kinds, as fishing-tackle,
harness, rigging

160 *Or schoolboy Midshipman*,—‘Or [to the call of the] schoolboy
Midshipman’

161 *shrill pipe*,—‘pipe’ is used of a thin sound, ‘shrill’ because
strained

as good or ill betides,—‘according as things are being done rightly
or wrongly’, ‘betides’ = ‘is happening’

162 *urchin*,—‘impish child’ This word, like ‘schoolboy’ above,
is intended to heighten the effect, the boyishness of the one contrasting
with the number and manhood of the others

164 *staid*,—‘sedate,’ ‘composed’

165 *that part*,—the quarter-deck

166 *the lone chieftain*,—the captain

168 *ought*,—‘any person’, but the neuter gives a depreciatory
sense cp the use of ‘thing’ in ll 324, 398

if he would preserve,—there is a mixture of two constructions here,
viz ‘he does not talk, in order that he may preserve,’ and ‘he must
not talk, if he would preserve’

169 *which broken, ever balks*,—‘the disregard of which ever balks’

173 *lessening*,—*sc* in intensity

174 *pennant bearer*,—if a fleet was spoken of, this would mean the
vessel on board of which is the officer in command, the ‘broad pennant’
being his flag, in the case of a convoy it would simply be the vessel
which guards the rest

175 *That lagging barks, &c*,—‘that the slower vessels may come up’

176, 7 ‘What a hardship, what a waste of time it is, to lose a
favouring wind in waiting for slow-sailers!’ ‘Hulk,’ used con-
temptuously, lit ‘a vessel without masts or rigging, unfit for service’

179 *Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas*,—‘while we thus
loiter, &c’, this clause is pendent, while the next is absolute, see
Essay on Style, 3 *a, b*, pp 39, 40 ‘Pensive’=‘inactive,’ but is more
poetical, because it gives the feeling of the person ‘Willing’=‘in
our favour’

180 *flapping*,—*sc* in the process of hauling down; a descriptive
epithet

183 *may sigh*,—‘may declare they are in love’

184 *Such be our fate when we return to land*,—*sc* and not before,
‘while we are on board we gladly leave lovemaking to landsmen’

185 *some rude Arion’s restless hand*,—‘Arion’=‘musician’ of the
sea’ The Greek story of ARION was, that when about to be cast into
the sea by the sailors of a vessel in which he was making a voyage he

played the guitar with such skill that the dolphins gathered round the prow, and on the back of one of these he was carried safe to land 'Rude,' qualifying 'Arion,' because he was a skilful minstrel. 'Restless' = 'quickly moving to and fro'

189 *Thoughtless, as if, &c*, — 'with no more sense of danger or restraint than if they were on shore'

190 *Calpe*, — the ancient name of Gibraltar

193 *Hecate*, — the last vowel is mute here, cp Shakspeare, Macbeth, 3 5 1

'Why how now, Hecate? you look angrily'

194 *How softly, &c*, — the moon is in the southern sky, as the vessel passes through the Straits, consequently the coast of Spain is in light, that of Africa in shadow

195 *forest brown*, — 'brown' is Byron's usual epithet for landscape seen in moonlight, cp 2 624, also Parisina, 1 10, 'And on the leaf a browner hue', Siege of Corinth, 11 1, 'Tis midnight on the mountains brown The cold, round moon shines deeply down'

196 *Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase*, — 'clear, though not brilliantly lighted, because the moon has passed the full'

197 *Mauritania*, — the ancient name of Morocco

199 *'Tis night, &c*, — the melancholy of the famous stanzas which follow is rendered more pathetic by the contrast afforded by the liveliness of what precedes

201 *lone mourner of its baffled zeal*, — 'which laments in solitude its unrequited affection.'

203 *with the weight of years would wish to bend*, — 'would wish to live to see old age'

205 *when mingling souls forget to blend*, — 'when souls which give promise of mutual attachment fail at last to unite' the poet is thinking of his early love, see Introd p 8 For 'mingling' used in this sense, cp Shelley, Love's Philosophy

'All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?'

208 *laving*, — here used intrans, in the sense of 'wave washed'

211 *unconscious*, — 'involuntarily'

each backward year, — the sense of motion in 'backward' makes it more than 'past', 'each year which it retraces' For similar instances of condensed expression see Essay on Style, 3 f, p 41

212-16. It is difficult to define exactly the connexion of these five verses with what precedes and what follows. Probably the meaning is — 'Desolate though I am, yet I have a thought of love to revert to in the past, but it is full of anguish, and I would fain escape from it'

then, having reverted to his one link with the past, and found it so painful that he would gladly sever it, he goes on in the next two stanzas to describe his own lowest depth of loneliness, by contrasting it with what is commonly called solitude

213 *possesses or possess'd A thought*,—'has or had some place in their thoughts'

215 *A flashing pang*,—the thought of the loved one 'flashing' means 'sudden and keen', cp 1 65, 'Strange pangs would flash'

216 *Would still, albeit in vain*,—'still' here anticipates 'albeit in vain', 'though in vain, yet for all that'

217 *fell*,—poetical and dialectic for 'hill'

220 *ne'er or rarely*,—a remarkable instance of a form of qualified expression, which is generally excluded from poetry. But it is found occasionally in the best poets, e.g. Shelley, *To a Skylark*, 1 3, 'That from heaven, or near it', Catullus 68 131, 'Aut nihil aut paulo', where Ellis's note gives other instances

225 *view her stores unroll'd*,—'survey her treasures as they are exposed to view'

226 *the shock of men*,—i.e. men jostling and hustling one another in the race of life.

227-9 The meaning is— to be conscious of and alive to all that is passing around us, and to have the advantages of fortune, and yet to be weary of the world, and banished from all sympathy 'Possess' = 'have possessions'

228 *denizen*,—in the earlier sense of 'resident foreigner,' somewhat like Gr. *μέτοικος* his home is not in the world

230 *Minions of splendour, &c*,—'while those who fawn on us in prosperity shrink from us in adversity', the clause is absolute. For 'minions' see note on 1 468

231 *None that*,—resumed from 1 229, '[with] none that' *kindred consciousness*,—sympathy of nature, cp Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, 77 5, 'But thou and I are one in kind'

232 *would seem to smile the less*,—there is intense bitterness in the word 'seem', 'would, I do not say smile the less, but even seem to do so'

235 *hermite*,—see note on 1 36

236 *lonely Athos*,—the epithet 'lonely' is especially applicable to Athos, because of its 'giant height' (6400 ft) and the absence of lofty mountains in its neighbourhood. When it is seen from a distance, e.g. from the plains of Troy (90 m), or from the slopes of Mt Pelion (80 m)—the peninsula which joins it to the mainland is below the horizon, and the peak rises quite solitary from the sea. The Sacred Mountain (*Ἁγιον Ὄρος*), as it is called, is the great centre of the mona-

ticism of the Eastern Church, for the whole of the peninsula, which is 40 miles in length, is occupied by monasteries and monastic settlements. From the summit all the northern part of the Aegean is visible.

240 *wistful*,—‘thoughtful,’ ‘pensive.’ One of Byron’s greatest pleasures was to sit for hours together on a high point overlooking the sea.

241 *’witching*,—for ‘bewitching’, cp 1 586

244, 5 *the track*, &c,—Notice the alliteration in ‘track,’ ‘hod,’ ‘trace,’ and the *oxymoron* involved in the expression, see Essay on Style, 2 a, p 36

246 *the change*,—*e* of course rather than of weather, the balance of the expressions in the line is better maintained if ‘change’ goes with ‘tack,’ than if it goes with ‘calm’ and ‘gale’

250 *The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind*,—the two former expressions refer to rough and fair weather, the two latter to wind and wave being against them or in their favour. With ‘kind’ cp 1 179, ‘willing seas’

252 *jocund morn*,—cp Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet* 3 5 9
‘jocund day’

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops’

253 *But not in silence pass*,—‘pass we not in silence’, the construction is continued from l 244

Calypso’s isles,—Malta and the neighbouring island of Gozo. The latter in classical times was identified by some with Ogygia, the island which is described by Homer in the *Odyssey* as inhabited by the goddess Calypso. Byron combines the two in one expression, and thus transfers Calypso to Malta, which is his object, as we see from l 265

254 *the middle deep*,—not merely ‘the middle of the sea,’ but ‘the middle of the Mediterranean,’ which here is divided into two great basins

256 *Though the fair goddess*, &c,—Ulysses, when returning from Troy, was detained by Calypso for seven years, but against his will, for he desired to return to his wife Penelope in Ithaca, at last the gods ordered her to let him go

257 *And o’er her cliffs*, &c,—perhaps this line was suggested by a passage in Campbell’s *Pleasures of Hope*, which was famous at the time when Byron wrote.

‘Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return’

259 *his boy essay’d the dreadful leap*,—the incident here referred to occurs in Fénelon’s *Télémaque*, where Mentor, the preceptor of Tele-

maechus, pushes him over the cliffs of Calypso's island into the sea, in order to rescue him from the attractions of that goddess

260 *from high*,—'from on high'

262 *gentle glories gone*,—for similar instances of alliteration see note on l 64

266 *Sweet Florence*,—Mrs Spencer Smith, whose acquaintance Byron formed at Malta, and to whom he addressed several poems, which were published along with the first edition of *Childe Harold*

273 *admiration glancing harmless by*,—the metaphor is from an arrow, it glanced off, and did not penetrate or wound

278 *now*,—on the present occasion, when he was in the presence of 'Florence'

283 *hail'd their hope*, &c, —'addressed as their hope,' &c
real or mimic awe,—'real,' pronounce as monosyllable, 'mimic' = 'pretended'

285 *All that*,—'all the titles of homage that', this is in apposition to the substantives of the preceding line

287 *Nor felt*,—'nor' = 'neither', cp 'or' for 'either,' l 136

289 *seeming*,—'apparently,' 'to the outward view'

297 *never would he join*,—'he was not one to join', the sequence is irregular, we should have expected 'would he have joined'

303 *tripes*,—'metaphors', *te* in studied, fulsome language

305 *still*,—'ever,' 'always'

copest,—'is a match for'

306 *Passion crowns thy hopes*,—'thy hopes will be rewarded by a return of love'

313 *If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost*,—'but if, on the other hand, by a kindly cruel fate, disappointment ensues, it (disappointment) rankles' The construction is imperfect, 'hope crost' = 'disappointment,' and in that sense 'kindly cruel' agrees with it, in the sense of 'a kindly cruel ordinance,' and 'it' refers to it

315 *forgets*,—'cases'

319 *By pensive sadness, not by Fiction, led*,—paraphrase thus—'what I shall describe is suggested to me, not by the imagination, but by scenes imbued with melancholy'

320 *withal*,—'moreover', this is an additional reason for not loitering

321 *little schemes of thought*,—perhaps, 'conceptions of a terrestrial paradise'

322. *new Utopias*,—'modern speculations on an ideal community' Sir Thomas More wrote a work called *Utopia* (*Οὐτοπία*, from *οὐ*, τόπος, 'no place') to embody his ideas of a perfect state, which he located in an imaginary island of that name

322 *aread*,—‘expounded’, particip from *aread*, cp Spenser, *Ivery* Queene, 1 8 31 9

‘His name Ignaro did his nature ight *aread*’

324 *such*,—‘such things,’ ‘such lore’

325 foll The connexion with the preceding stanza is found in ‘kindest mother’ ‘Nature is the kindest mother, *i e* the best source of inspiration—better than Fiction with her utopias’ ‘Still’ anticipates ‘though’ Paraphrase thus—‘Dear Nature is the kindest mother, notwithstanding that the mildness of her aspect is apt to change to sternness, (1 329) Nay, it is in her sterner aspects that she is fairest’ By ‘Nature’ here is meant the ‘aspects of nature,’ in a wider sense than what we usually call ‘scenery’

327 *her bare bosom*,—*i e* ‘unveiled,’ seen with the naked eye, not conceived by the student in his study

328 *Her never-wean’d, though not her favour’d child*,—‘who have never been alienated from her influence, though she has shown me less of her gentleness, and more of her severity, than she has to others of her children’ This explanation of ‘not her favour’d child’ appears more probable than ‘she has not imparted her inspiration to me in the same degree as she has to some others,’ which would be a sentiment unsuited to Byron

330 *nothing polish’d*,—no influence of cultivation or sign of civilisation

331–3 paraphrase thus—‘I have always found her lovely, whether by day or night, though I have put her to the severest test by watching all her changes of countenance, even the wildest’

333 *in wrath*,—‘in her tempestuous moods’

334 *Land of Albania*,—the modern Albania very nearly corresponds to the ancient Epirus and Illyria

where Iskander rose,—Iskander is a modern corruption of the name Alexander, cp Iskenderoon, the ancient Alexandria, in northern Syria Alexander the Great was born at Pella in Macedonia, but the proximity of this to the modern Albania, and the fact of his mother Olympias having belonged to the royal house of Epirus, are a sufficient justification for his being regarded poetically as having ‘risen’ in Albania

335 *Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise*,—‘whom the young love to talk of, and the wise to follow as an example’ Alexander was so far from being a man of wild ambition—‘Macedonia’s madman,’ as he has been called—that he was the type of a far-seeing conqueror, for his victories were universally followed up by arrangements for the extension of commerce and civilisation, and by the establishment of colonies and the organisation of political institutions among his subjects ‘Beacon of the wise’ is from Troilus and Cressida, 2 2 16

336 *his namesake*,—George Castriote, commonly called Scanderbeg, i.e. Iskander Bey, or Lord Alexander. He was born in the north of Albania in 1404, and frequently defeated the Ottomans when they endeavoured to obtain possession of his native country.

337 *shrunk from his deeds, &c.*,—‘avoided the conflict with him after making trial of his valour’

enterprise,—poetical for ‘enterprise,’ Ital. *impresa*.

339 *rugged nurse*,—Albania is a very mountainous country.

340 *The cross descends, thy minarets arise*,—the meaning is—‘the minarets, which we see rising aloft, take the place of the cross’ ‘Descends,’ lit. ‘takes the lower place’ A minaret is a tall slender tower, built by the side of a mosque, with a gallery running round it near the summit, from which the Mahometans are summoned to prayers.

341 *the pale crescent*,—as an ornament surmounting the mosques on the epithet ‘pale,’ see note on l. 394.

342 *cypress-grove*,—numerous cypresses are planted near the mosques, and in the Mahometan cemeteries.

ken,—see note on l. 240.

343 *the barren spot*,—Ithaca, which is a steep and singularly rocky island, Ulysses himself described it as *τρηχεῖ, ἀλλ’ ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος*, Hom. Od. 9. 27.

344 *o’erlook’d the wave*,—on the watch for the return of her husband, Ulysses, see note on l. 257, where Calypso is similarly described as watching from the cliffs.

345 *onward*,—‘passing onward,’ for the compression of meaning compare ‘backward,’ l. 211.

the mount,—the southern headland of Leucadia (Santa Maria), called ‘Leucadia’s cape’ in l. 353, and ‘Leucadia’s far-projecting rock’ in l. 362. Byron, on his way from Malta to Prevesa in Albania, touched at Patras, at the entrance of the Corinthian Gulf. In sailing from that place to the Gulf of Arta (Ambracian Gulf) the shortest course is by the narrow channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca, and as soon as the vessel emerges from the northern end of this, the promontory of Leucate—which, like the island of Leucadia itself, obtained its name from the conspicuous white cliffs—comes in sight.

not yet forgot,—‘which has escaped oblivion,’ with reference to what follows.

346 *The lover’s refuge, and the Lesbian’s grave*,—the story was that Sappho, the Lesbian poet, in despair from love of Phaon, cast herself from this headland, ‘the last resort of fruitless love’ (l. 363), whence the name ‘the Lover’s Leap’.

347 *dark Sappho*,—the epithet implies profound, mysterious feeling, different in ll. 653, 685.

349 *who life eternal gave*,—immortalised the subjects of her verse

351. *That only Heaven*, &c ;—viz the immortality of fame, a common notion among poets, cp Horace, *Od* 2 20, 3 30 'Only' is an echo of the scepticism of ll 28 foll

355-7 *Oft did he mark*, &c ,—'he had often visited without emotion the scenes of past engagements, viz Actium, &c', lit 'he often visited scenes, &c, such as —'

356 'Actium', see note on l 297 'Lepanto', the great sea-fight, in 1571, in which the Turks were defeated by Don John of Austria, took place at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto (Corinthian Gulf) 'Fatal Trafalgar' (so pronounced), the scene of Nelson's great victory in 1805 over the French and Spanish fleets. 'fatal,' because of Nelson's death, or perhaps only because of the carnage, like 'deadly Waterloo' of 3 155

358 The reference is to the *horoscope*, or observation of the planet or sign of the zodiac, which was in the ascendant at the time of a person's birth, and was supposed to determine his fate

359 *themes*,—'topics'

360 *bravo*,—'assassin', for Byron's view of military men see l. 468 foll

marthal wight,—the sing without the indef article has the force of a plural

361 *the evening star*,—the star of love

362 *far-projecting*,—the appearance of the promontory on the map will show the force of this

363 *hail'd*,—'saluted,' cp l. 643, 2 283

364 *or deem'd he felt*,—cp note on l 811

367 Observe the beautiful movement of this line, corresponding to the rhythmical flow of the waves, and see *Essay on Style*, 4 e, p 48

371 *Darl Suli's rocks*,—Suli is the wild mountain district about the river Acheron in the south of Epirus

Pindus' inland peak;—'the peaked range of Pindus in the interior of the country' Here, as in l 415, 'Pindus' is vaguely used for the mountains towards the east, for Pindus itself cannot be seen from the coast

372 *snowy*,—'snow-white'

373 This is an accurate description of distant mountains seen shortly after sunrise

377 *birds*,—supply 'of prey' from what follows

378 *the closing year*,—the autumn season, cp l 352

381 *a shore unknown*,—Gibbon remarked of Albania, that a country 'within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America'—Author's note 24

387 *Beat back*, &c,—‘caused him not to feel the keenness of the winds of winter, and to welcome the heat of summer’

388 *the red cross*,—see note on l 394

389 *the circumcised*,—Mahometans, like Jews, practise circumcision.

390 *that pride dear*,—‘that pride which is dear.’

391 *Churchman and votary alike despised*,—this clause assigns the reason of what precedes, ‘because the ecclesiastic and the worshipper (layman) are equally objects of contempt to the Moslems’

392 *howsoever disguised*, &c ;—‘whatever form thou mayest take, whether it be idol, or saint, &c’

394 *symbol*,—‘outward and visible sign’

395 *sacerdotal gain, but general loss*,—‘gain to the priests, loss to mankind’

397 *Ambracia's gulf behold*,—Prevesa, where Byron landed, is on the northern shore of the strait which leads into the Ambracian Gulf (Gulf of Arta) Actium, off which the great battle between Antony and Octavianus (Augustus Cæsar) was fought, lay directly opposite, on the southern shore It was the departure of Cleopatra's galleys during the engagement that decided the fate of the contest

398 *woman*,—Cleopatra is meant, but the omission of the indefinite article renders it general (cp l 360), and thus the general term ‘thing’ can be put in apposition to it

lovely, harmless thing,—the epithets are ironical, the substantive contemptuous; for ‘thing’ in this sense see l 324 Byron was usually severe on women, but, notwithstanding this, he has drawn a number of singularly noble and attractive female characters, *e g* the Maid of Saragossa (l 567 foll), Julia Alpinula (3 626), and Zuleika in the *Bride of Abydos*

400 *Asian king*,—serving as allies of Antony

401 *To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter*,—‘doubtful’ and ‘certain’ are *antithetical* epithets see Essay on Style, 1 g (5), p 35

402 *the second Cæsar's trophies*,—the ruins of the city of Nicopolis which Augustus built to commemorate his victory, lie at some distance to the north of Prevesa

404 *Imperial anach*s,—this like ‘lawless law,’ l 419, is an instance of *oxymoron*, see Essay on Style, 2 a, p 36

407 *Illyria's vales*,—see note on l 334

409 *lands scarce noticed in historic tales*,—there are numerous ruins of cities in Epirus, to which, owing to the absence of notices in ancient writers, it is difficult to affix a name

415 *bleak Pindus*,—see note on l 371 Pindus lay away to the east of Byron's route, and was excluded from view by a nearer range of mountains

415 *Acherusia's lake*;—the lake of Yanina is meant; this was the ancient Lacus Fambotis, while the Palus Acherusia was in the plain at the exit of the Acheron from the gorges of Suli

416 *the primal city of the land*,—Yanina, the capital of Epirus. It was at this time a place of great importance Byron says in note 60 to this Canto, 'Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed among [the Greeks] themselves to be superior [to Athens] in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants'

418 *Albania's chief*,—Ali Pasha, see note on l 554

421 *some daring mountain band*,—the Suliotes are meant, who from 1788 to 1803 resisted all the attacks that Ali made upon them, they were at last reduced owing to the treachery of one of their number, who received a bribe

424. *Monastic Zitza*,—the monastery of Zitza is situated on the hills about fifteen miles north-west of Yanina. It is a small white-walled building, lying in the midst of a thick grove of oaks and elms. The view from its neighbourhood is very extensive in all directions. At a distance of three or four miles the river Calamas, the ancient Thyamis, forms a fine waterfall of 60 or 70 feet, and the sound of this can be distinctly heard from the monastery

431. *volumed*,—poured with a great volume of water

432 *that shock yet please the soul*,—cp 4 640, 'horribly beautiful' the French speak of such scenery as '*les belles horreurs*'

433 *tufted*,—'bushy', French *tauffu*

435 *in lofty ranks, and loftier still*,—'in a succession of chains, one loftier than the other'

436. *of dignity*,—equivalent to an adjective, see note on l 21

438 *caloyer*,—*καλόγερος*, 'a good old man,' is the usual name for a monk in Greece

441 *sheen*,—'brightness,' 'beauty'

448 *pierceth not*,—'does not penetrate the foliage'

impregnate with disease,—because the summer heat causes malaria fevers

449, 450 Observe the adaptation of sound to sense in these two lines, the alliteration on the soft *l* in the first expressing ease, and the pauses in the second expressing delay

451 *enlarging on the sight*,—'growing on the eye,' 'increasing in magnitude as we gaze upon them', this phenomenon is finely examined in detail in the description of St Peter's at Rome, 4 1387-1431

452 *volcanic amphitheatre*,—the author's note says they are considered to be volcanic, but this does not appear to be the case 'Amphitheatre,' because the walls of rock rise in tiers on every side, like the seats and walls of an amphitheatre

45 *Chimæra's alps*,—the Acroceraunian mountains, now called the mountains of Khimara (Chimari, 2 657, 4 657) from a town of that name at their foot, which in ancient times was named Chimæra. The Ceraunian mountains, of which these were the extreme portion, formed the boundary between Epirus and Illyria, at some distance to the north of Yanina

456 *Nodding*,—this word combines the ideas of 'overhanging' and 'waving', cp. 1 625, and the 'nodding beech' of Gray's *Elegy*

black Acheron,—the Calamas is meant (see note on 1 424), but it is a mistake to identify this with the Acheron, which is some distance off to the south, among the mountains of Suli

459 *shamed Elysium's gates*,—cp. 1 242, 'shamed' = 'outrivalled,' because of the beauty of the scene

460 *Ne*,—cp. 1 231, &c, archaisms have become rare in this part of the poem

465 *pensive*,—'watching listlessly', cp. 1 179.

466 *capote*,—a long woolly Albanian cloak, cp. 1 654, 'shaggy capote'

468 *the tempest's short-lived shock*,—most persons who have visited Yanina can testify to the frequent thunderstorms of that neighbourhood. The Ceraunian mountains ('thunder-hills of fear,' 4 657) received their name from them. 'Short-lived' = 'rapidly passing over'

469 *Oh! where, Dodona!*—the site of the oracle of Dodona, after having baffled former investigators, was discovered by excavation by M. Carapanos, a Greek of Epirus, in 1875, at Dramisus, a place to the south of Yanina

aged grove,—the reference is to the oracular oak, from the branches of which the god revealed his will. 'Grove' is justified by more than one tree being sometimes spoken of, as in Aesch. *Prom.* 832, αἱ ποσὶ γόφοι δρύες.

470. *Prophetic fount*,—Servius (on Virg. *Aen.* 3 466) says that at the foot of the sacred oak there gushed forth a fountain, the noise of whose waters was prophetic. Smith's *Dict. of Geogr.* s. v. *Dodona*

oracle divine,—besides the oak and the fountain there was another way of consulting the oracle, by a brazen cauldron. *Dict. Geogr.*

472 *the Thunderer*,—Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης *Jupiter Tonans*

476 *the marble or the oak*,—the hardest stone and hardest wood

477 *When nations*, &c, —only the first half of the preceding clause must be repeated here, 'wouldst thou survive, when, &c'

478. *Epirus' bounds recede*,—sc. from view, cp. 1 351. The poet is now crossing the Ceraunian mountains into Illyria the valley here described is that of Delvinaki

fail,—'sink down in the distance'

479 *up-gazing still*,—‘continually looking up at the mountains,’

481 *yclad*,—if this form is used accurately, it is the past participle used for the perfect tense, it is not the preterite Cp ‘ygzad,’ l 633.

487, 8 There are two curious mistakes in these lines Mt Tomërit, or Tomohr, lies N E of Tepelen, and therefore the sun could not set behind it ‘Laos,’ which is repeated in the notes, is a mere blunder for ‘Aous,’ the ancient name of the Viosa, which flows under the walls of Tepelen Hobhouse, in his Travels, gives the right name The Viosa is the largest river in Albania

489 *wonted*,—recurrent to the traveller

492 *glittering minarets*,—‘minarets,’ see note on l 340, ‘glittering’ with lamps During the fast of the Ramazan, with which Byron’s visit to Tepelen coincided (l 532), the gallery of each minaret is decorated with a circlet of small lamps When seen from a distance, each minaret presents a point of light, ‘like meteors in the sky’, and in a large city, where they are numerous, they resemble a swarm of fireflies

Tepalen,—this town, which was Ali Pasha’s birthplace and favourite residence, is about 60 miles N W of Yanina, and occupies a triangular plateau, which runs out from the foot of a steep mountain, so that its base is washed by the Viosa At the present day it is a scene of blank desolation, for the fifty Albanian families who form the population of the place live outside the walls

495 *Swelling the breeze*,—the more usual expression would be, ‘swell on the breeze’, but here the breeze ‘sighs,’ and the hum of voices swells the sound

496 *the sacred Haram*,—see note on l. 604 ‘Sacred’ means ‘not to be profaned by men’

502 *santons*,—a kind of dervish or Mahometan monk, who is regarded as a saint

503 There is no construction here, probably it refers back to ‘the dwelling’ of l 498

507 *Circled*,—‘were ranged round’

508 *the corridore*,—the wooden gallery, which, as usually in Eastern caravanserais, runs round the court, giving entrance to the rooms on the first floor

509 *the area’s echoing door*,—the resounding gateway leading into the enclosed court

510 *Some high-capp’d Tartar*,—Tartar (Tatar) is the name for the government couriers in Turkey, who act as messengers, and carry the post They wear tall black caps, like the Persians

512 *array*,—‘dress,’ as in line 122, not ‘ranks,’ as in l 440

514 *kirtled to his knee*,—the Albanians wear a white kilt with many

fold, called the *justanella*. Their dress was adopted by the Greeks as their national costume at the end of the War of Independence.

517 *men of Macedon*,—a special corps, mentioned again in ll 661-4

518 *Delhi*,—see note on l 687

519 *glave*,—‘broadsword’

520 *swarthy Nubia's mutilated son*,—Nubian eunuch, the epithet ‘swarthy’ is here transferred from ‘son’ to ‘Nubia’ by *hypallage*; see Essay on Style, 2 c, p 37

525 *Moslem*,—‘Mahometan’

stoops,—in prayer the Mahometans frequently prostrate themselves, touching the ground with their foreheads

528 *Half whispering*,—from timidity, as a *rayah*, or Christian subject, who has no political rights

to prate,—the word implies loquacity, cp l 592

529 *the nightly solemn sound*,—the call to prayers from the minaret by the Muezzin (pronounce Mûëzzin), or official of the mosque, is given several times in the day, but is especially audible in the stillness of the late evening and early morning

530 *doth shake*,—an exaggeration, = ‘is loudly heard from’

531 ‘*There is no God*,’ &c, —the complete formula is, ‘There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God’

532 *Ramazani's fast*,—the Ramazan, or Mahometan month of fasting, during which the faithful abstain from food, drink, and smoke, from sunrise to sunset, is observed with great strictness, and entails great privation on the working classes, but during the night-time every one indemnifies himself by feasting

533 *the long day*,—with reference to the wearisomeness of the fasting, the same thing applies to ‘lingering’ in the next line, which otherwise would not be a suitable epithet, since twilight is of short duration in the South

535 *again*,—after the intermission

537 *Prepared and spread*, &c, —prepared the viands and spread the table

538 *gallery*,—the ‘corridore’ of l 508

made in vain,—because it was deserted

540 *anon*,—here used like ‘ever and anon,’ ‘constantly’

542 *scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move*,—i.e. scarcely permitted to move, even when guarded and veiled

545 *For*,—this gives the reason for ‘nor feels a wish to rove’

547 For other evidences of Byron's fondness for young children see 3 478 foll, 4 1333 foll

548 *Herself more sweetly rears*,—‘she herself (not a nurse) more sweetly (for the restrictions placed upon her) rears’

549 *no meaner passion shares*,—the child, not the mother, is spoken of, and the meaning is—‘the babe (i.e. the love of her infant) occupies her whole heart, and does not allow any illicit love to find a place in it’

550 *pavilion*,—from meaning ‘a tent,’ this comes to mean ‘an arched or domed hall’

551 *living water*,—the epithet expresses both the *freshness* and the *movement* of water from a source, as contrasted with water in cisterns. The two qualities may be seen in the Latin use of *vivus*, which Virgil employs in the sense of ‘running’ in *vivum flumen* (Aen. 2 719), and in that of ‘fresh’ in *vivi lacus* (Georg. 2 469), as opposed to reservoirs

553 *soft voluptuous couches*,—the divan, or low cushioned seat, which runs round a Turkish room

554 *ALI reclined, a man of war and woes*,—the ‘woes’ intended are those which he had caused. Ali was born about 1740, and began life as an independent freebooter, in which capacity he obtained a large amount of plunder, owing to the disorganised and lawless condition of Albania. By this means he was able to purchase a Pashalik from the Porte, and when he attacked and succeeded in subduing many of the neighbouring Pashas, he was permitted to extend his power, because he was of service in reducing the half independent tribes, and establishing order in the country. At last his government included Albania, Epirus, Thessaly, and a great part of Greece, as far as the Corinthian Gulf. He encouraged education and favoured letters, until, under his patronage, Yanina became the literary capital of the Greek nation. But towards the end of his long life he rebelled against the central government, and after having been defeated by the Sultan’s forces, was killed on an island in the lake of Yanina in 1822. In character he was cunning, treacherous, avaricious, and frightfully cruel. His two most famous acts of barbarity were the extermination of the village of Gardiki, in revenge for an insult offered to his mother many years before, and the drowning of a number of ladies in the lake, the fate of one of whom, Euphrosyne, who was distinguished for her beauty, has been the subject of many ballads.

557 *along*,—not merely ‘over,’ but ‘along the lines of’ Cp. l. 645

561. *Hafiz*,—the celebrated Persian lyric poet of the fourteenth century of our era. Byron’s early acquaintance with his works appears from Moore’s Life, pp. 48, 49.

562 *the Teian*;—Anacreon, the lyric poet of Teos, of the sixth century B.C., for the expression, cp. Hor. Od. 1 17 18, ‘fide Teia’. The passages which Byron refers to seem to be found, not in Anacreon, but in the ‘Anacreontea’ (imitations), Nos. 1 and 6 in Bergk’s Poet. Lyr. Gr.

563 *scorn*,—‘pay no attention to’

565 *have marked him with a tiger’s tooth*,—‘have branded his cha-

racter with the emblem of ferocity, a tiger's tooth' Perhaps there is an allusion to the wide-spread belief, that a tiger which has once tasted human blood never cares for any other prey

566, 7 These two lines confirm what precedes 'one murder involves another, and those who once shed blood will continue to do so increasingly to the end, as long as their lives last' This passage has often been regarded as an anticipation of Ali's own death, which occurred thirteen years later, in this case, 'in bloodier acts conclude,' must mean 'meet a more violent end themselves' But 'acts' can hardly be used of the fate of the person spoken of, and with this interpretation 'through their mortal span' is meaningless

571 *Till quickly wearied*,—'till [he was] quickly wearied.'

572 *the choice retreat*, &c ;—Ali's retreat from Yanina.

574-6 *And were it humbler*, &c ,—'it would be a pleasant place, if the life were simpler, but elaborate enjoyments do not conduce to tranquillity, and when pleasure is combined with magnificence, the power of enjoying both is lost'

577 *yet they lack*, &c ,—'they possess many natural, though undeveloped, good qualities' these are then enumerated—courage, endurance, faithfulness as allies, loyalty to a leader

581 *not more secure*, &c ,—'are not more trustworthy in emergencies'

585 *Unshaken rushing on*,—'charging with unbroken ranks'

587 *Thronging to war*,—Ali was at this time besieging Ibrahim Pasha in the fortress of Berat

588 *after*,—on the occasion of the shipwreck mentioned in the next stanza

when, within their power, &c ,—'when, being in their power, he was the victim'

592 *less barbarians*,—'men less barbarous' For other instances of condensed expression, see Essay on Style, 3 f, p 41

593 *fellow-countrymen*,—alluding to the wreckers in Cornwall—Author's note

595 For the circumstances see Prefatory Note 2

596 *Suli's shaggy shore*,—on Suli see note on l 371, 'shaggy' = 'rugged' Cp l 244, 4 652

598 *more*,—'was more perilous.'

599 *Yet for a while*,—'for some time longer', 'yet' refers to 'at length' following

602 *the Frank*,—'Frank' is used in Turkey as a collective expression for all persons from Western Europe It originated in the extensive use of the French language throughout the Aegean in the thirteenth century subsequently to the capture of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204

603 *ancient butcher-work*,—‘traditional massacres’, *e g* at the time of the Norman invasion under Robert Guiscard in 1081

612 *Doth lesson happier men*,—‘such benevolence reads a lesson to men more prosperous than these poor mountaineers’

613 *did address Himself*,—‘set to work upon,’ ‘was preparing’ For the absence of final pause here and in l 577, see Essay on Style, 4 b (4). P 44

615. *half-way*,—‘on the way’, for the circumstances see Prefatory Note 2.

618 *Acarnania's forest wide*,—a great part of the interior of Acarnania is composed of undulating forest-land

620 *white Achelous' tide*,—the modern name of the Achelous, Aspiopotamo, means the ‘white river’

621 *from his further bank*,—the Achelous in the lower part of its course separates Acarnania from Aetolia

Aetolia's wolds,—‘wold’=‘open country’ The western part of Aetolia, which borders on the Achelous, is composed of two extensive plains, between which the mountain range of Aracynthus intervenes

622 *Utrakey*,—this village lies in one of the innermost bays of the Gulf of Arta Notice the alliterations in the first five lines of this graceful stanza The description bears a strong resemblance to Virg Aen 1 159-165, and Tasso's imitation in Gerus Lib, Cant 15 Stt 42, 43

624 *brown*,—see note on l 195

625 *Nodding*,—the next line shows that this word means ‘waving’ as well as ‘overhanging’

627 *serene*,—‘calm surface’, the adj stands for a subst, a use which is only allowed in special words

632 *the red wine circling fast*,—the Albanian Mahometans pay no attention to the Prophet's injunction about abstaining from wine

633 *ygazed*,—cp l 481, ‘yclad,’ and note

635 *night's mudmost, stilles' hour*,—the poet's object here is to contrast the stillness of midnight with the wild revelry, cp l 13

637 *Palikar*,—παλληκάρη in Mod Greek signifies (1) ‘a youth,’ (2) ‘a brave fellow,’ and thus is frequently applied to guards and soldiers

639 *kirtled*,—see note on l 514

642 *Noi hated*,—this is equivalent to ‘for he did not hate,’ but the simplicity of construction (coordinate instead of subordinate clause, see note on l 126) gives an archaic flavour

645 *along*,—see note on l 557

649 *Tambourgi*,—‘drummer’ *Tambour*, ‘a drum,’ is from the French *-gi* is the termination in Turkish which signifies ‘one who

discharges any occupation', *e g* from *kark* 'boat,' *karkgi* 'boatman'; from *demur* 'iron,' *demurgu* 'smith'

'*Iarum*,—'military summons', see note on l 563 This song is based on Albanian songs, which were interpreted to the poet

652 *Chimariot*,—see note on l 453

dark,—'dark-complexioned,' but with the further meaning of 'awe-inspiring', cp l 685

654 *camese*,—Ital *camicia*, Fr *chemise*, here used for the kilt or *fustanella*

capote,—see note on l 466

657 *who never forgive*, &c,—the reference is to the blood-feuds (*vendetta*), which descend from generation to generation among the Albanians

659 *Let those guns*, &c,—[shall they] let those guns, &c'

661 *Macedonia*,—see l 517, where also the 'scar's of blood-red' are mentioned

662 *the cave*,—*e* the hiding-place of a band of robbers during the daytime The Greek name for this was *λημέρι*, from *ἐλη ἡμέρα* At night, when there was no need of concealment, they either slept in the open air, or sallied forth on some predatory excursion

665 *Parga*,—a seaport not far from Suli

666 *And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves*,—*e* 'make them experience slavery' 'Pale'—'light-complexioned' (cp l 601), with implication of effeminacy and fear, as opposed to 'dark' (l 652)

677 *when Previsa fell*,—Prevesa was taken from the French by Ali Pasha's troops in 1798 On Prevesa, see note on l 397

682 *Vizier*,—title of some of the highest functionaries in Turkey

686 *the yellow-hair'd Giaours*,—the Russians 'Giaour'='infidel' Ali assisted the Porte against the Russians on the Danube

his horsetail,—the insignia of a Pasha, a Vizier is a Pasha of three tails

687 *Delhis*,—horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope—Author's note On the alliteration in this line and 692, see Essay on Style,

4 d (8), p 47

689 '*Selictar*,—'sword-bearer'

693 The poet now resumes the subject of Greece, which he treats without reference to the course of his journey The stanzas that follow are among the finest in the poem

694 *Immortal, though no more*,—on the contrast here expressed consult Essay on Style, 1 a (5), p 29

695 *lead thy scatter'd children forth*,—'advance at the head of thy people, now dispersed,' 'act as their chief' 'scattered' here = 'de-nationalised'

696 *long accus'om'd bondage uncreate*,—bring to an end the slavery with which they are familiarised', i.e. since the subjugation of Greece by the Turks in 1460

697 *who whilome did await*,—'whilome,' archaic for 'formerly,' 'once', cp l. 10 'Await,' a transitive verb, here used (incorrectly) for 'wait'

698 *lopeless*;—as going to certain death, cp our expression 'a foiloyn hope'

699 *bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strait*,—the pass (strait) of Thermopylae was between the mountain and the sea 'Bleak' refers to the exposed hill-side 'Sepulchral,' because from the number buried there it assumes the character of a grave-yard or cemetery

700 *resume*,—'manifest once more'

701 *Leap from Eurotas' banks*,—'leap,' which implies impetuosity, here refers to a spirit reappearing, cp l 122, 'bursting to light' The Eurotas, the river of Sparta, is mentioned, because of the Spartans who died at Thermopylae

702 *When on Phyle's brow, &c*,—the fort of Phyle, which commands the pass of the same name leading from Boeotia into Attica, near the point of junction of Cithaeron and Parnes, was occupied by Thrasybulus when preparing to expel the Thirty Tyrants from Athens It was from this point that Byron obtained his first view of that city, which is seen from thence together with the whole of the Athenian plain, see Hobhouse's Travels, vol 1 p 286 For the fine effect produced by associating Freedom personified with Thrasybulus, cp l 119

705 *dims*,—'diminishes its lustre', its beauty is diminished to the spectator by the knowledge that it is not free

706 *enforce the chain*,—'ivet the fetters of slavery'

707 *every carle* —there is a separate force in the two words, 'every' is opposed to 'thirty,' 'carle' to 'tyrants,' who were men of some position 'Carle' (Ang Sax *ceorl*, whence also 'churl') = 'a common rustic'

710. *in word*,—referring to 'idly rail in vain'

713 *Who but would deem*,—'who is there that would not deem'

714 *unquenched*,—this word, and 'anew' in the previous line, contain the idea of a spark long smouldering, and at last bursting into flame; 'lost,' which follows expresses the reality in contrast to the appearance

715 *And many dream, &c*,—patriots, such as Coray and Rhiga, the author (in 1796) of the song *Δεῦτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*, Byron's translation of which was published in the same volume with the two first cantos of Childe Harold

716. *That gives them back*,—'gives' = 'is destined to give'; for this

use of the present, cp in Greek Aesch Ag 126, χρόνῳ μὲν ἄγρει Πρᾶμου πόλιν ἄδε κελευθος, 'is destined to take'

717 *fondly*,—'weakly'

718 *solely*,—'without help', this is commented on in the next stanza

721 *themselves*,—join with the following words, similarly in next line the stress is on 'their'

723 *Gaul or Muscovite*,—French or Russians

725 *not for you*, &c, —'not for your benefit will the worship of Freedom be reestablished,' 'will freedom be reinstated in its rightful place of honour'

726 *Shades of the Helots*,—the Helots were the serfs of ancient Sparta, they were avenged by the descendants of their masters being enslaved

727 *change thy lords*,—the imperative here has a concessive force, 'I give thee leave to,' 'however much thou mayest'

729 *for Aḥlah from the Giaour*,—i e for the Mahometans from the Christians (infidels) The 'city' is Constantinople

730 *Othman's race*,—Othman (b A D 1258) was the founder of the Ottoman dynasty

731 *the Serai's impene'able tower*,—the Serai or Seraglio (not to be confused, as it often is, with Harem), is the Sultan's palace 'Impene'able' = 'which none is permitted to enter' On Byron's use of 'tower' for any conspicuous building see note on l 17

732 *fiery Frank*,—'fiery' = 'impetuous,' a suitable epithet for the Crusaders 'Frank,' see note on l 602

her former guest,—'the former occupant of the city,' not of the Serai, for it was not then built After the capture of Constantinople in 1204, the Latins (Franks) retained possession of that city until 1261.

733 *Wahab's rebel brood*,—the Aḥab sheikh Wahab was the founder of the sect of the Wahabees, the Puritans of Mahometanism, who captured and sacked Mecca in 1803, and Medina in 1804

734 *pious spoil*,—spoil of nations conquered in the name of God

735 *wind*,—this word and 'along' suggest the slow and devious course of an advancing army

736 This was written in a tone of poetical despondency, in his notes Byron gives his practical views of the regeneration of Greece

740 *To shrive from man* —'shrive' here = 'remove by confession', cp 'Shrove-Tuesday' before Lent. The more natural expression would be 'shrive man from'

742 *But*,—used as a resumptive particle.

744 *secret*,—because masked

746 *mimic*,—'imitative,' in costumes representing characters Observe

how the epithets in this and the preceding line are alliterative to one another

Carnival,—the days immediately preceding Lent, which are observed in the South of Europe as a time of festivity (deriv Lat *caro, vale*) Here the institution is personified, like 'Fandango,' 1 556, 'Duenna,' 1 802

747 *And whose,—sc* whose days of joyaunce

748 *Stamboul*,—the Turkish name of Constantinople, it is a corruption of *εις την πόλιν*.

empress of their reign,—capital of the Greek empire

749 *turbans now pollute Sophia's shrines*,—the cathedral of St Sophia, erected by Justinian, is now a Mahometan mosque

750 *And Greece, &c*,—'the Greeks look longingly towards their sacred places'

755 *As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd*,—the former expression corresponds to 'sight,' the latter to 'song' in the previous line 'Thrill' is used here of quivering notes, in 1 768 of quivering feeling, in 3⁶ 229 of both

the Bosphorus along,—this refers to the celebration of the carnival on the Bosphorus, the 'ocean stream' of Don Juan, 5 3 2, which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, joining the latter under the walls of Constantinople

758 *timely echo'd back*,—'falling in cadence responded to the sounds on land'

760 *The Queen of tides*,—Byron adapts his titles of the moon to the circumstances, in 1 809 she is 'night's lover-loving queen', in 2 193 'pale Hecate', in 4 242 'meek Dian'

consenting,—'propitious,' cp 1 499

765 *caïque*,—Turk *kaik*, a light boat, the *gondola* of Constantinople

768-70 *many a languid eye and thrilling hand, &c*,—the eyes exchanged looks, the hands pressure For 'languid eye' cp Tennyson, *Love and Duty*, 'eyes, love languid thro' half-tears.'

769 *may*,—'can'

770 *return'd the pressure still*,—'continued to return the pressure'

771 *bound in thy ro-y band*,—this might refer to 'these hours' below, but, as Byron is fond of pendent participial clauses, it probably means 'when we are bound, &c'

772 *pratile*,—'moralise ineffectually'

773 *redeem*,—'make up for,' 'compensate for,' cp 4. 807, 1020

776 *searment*,—a less correct form of 'cerement,' as 'searchcloth' for 'cerecloth', 'a waxed cloth, used for a shroud' (from Lat *cerare*) Here it is employed for a closely enveloping garment

778 *to re-echo all they mourn in vain*,—'to have a melancholy sound like their own vain regrets for lost freedom'

- 780 *wayward*,—'swaying to and fro,' 'ill-balanced,' 'perverse'
- 781 *idly*,—'unmeaningly', cp 1 911.
- 783 *This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece*,—for this anticipation of the substantive by the pronoun, cp 4 388, 721
- 785 *Not such as*,—'one true-born patriot, who is not like those who'
- peace*,—meaning 'inactivity,' though standing in contrast to 'war'
- 788 *wield*,—this, being a dignified word, is suitable to the sword, but becomes ironical when applied to the sickle.
- 790 *record*,—for the accentuation of the word, cp. Chaucer, Cant. Tales, 7631
- 'And dronkenness is eke a foul record
Of any man, and namely of a lord.'
- And Hamlet 1 5, 99 'all trivial fond records'
- 791 *hero sires*,—for the subst used as adj cp 1 840 'Persia's victim horde.'
- horde*,—contemptuous for 'race' or 'people'
- 792 *When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood*,—'when men arise like the hardy Spartans'
- 793 *Epanuondas*,—one like the hero of Leuctia and Mantinea
- 794 *with hearts*,—with the spirit to feel their slavery and shake it off
- 795 *to men*,—to sons worthy of the name of men, not weaklings
- 797, 8 On the adaptation of sound to sense in these lines, see Essay on Style, 4 e, p 48
- 803 In this line Byron has described one of the most beautiful features of Greek scenery, viz the combination of snowpeaks with southern vegetation during spring
- 804 *Nature's varied favourite*,—E Curtius remarks (Hist of Greece, vol 1 p 3) that there is not 'on the entire known surface of the globe any other region in which the different zones of climate and flora meet one another in so rapid a succession'
- now*,—'even now,' 'still'
- 805 *Thy fanes, thy temples*,—not tautological, but a climax, 'fanes' means any sanctuary, 'temples' the larger and handsomer edifices.
- to thy surface bow*,—'are levelled with the ground'
- 806 *heroic earth*,—cp 11 828, 873
- 809 *save well-recorded Worth*,—cp Eccles 44 8, 9 'There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported And some there be, which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been' Also Hor Od 4 9. 25-8.
- 811 *brethren of the cave*,—'dug from the same quarry'
- 812 *Tritonia*,—a name of Athena, of doubtful origin.
- 13 *Colonna's cliff*,—the promontory of Sunium, which until recently was called Cape Colonna from the columns of the temple of Athena that

rise above it (*κολλῶνα* is modern Greek for 'a column,' though derived from the Italian) It has now regained its classical name

814 *Save o'er*, &c. —the intermediate clauses have almost obliterated the construction 'All perish . . except the ruins under which lies the hero's grave'

816 *Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave*, —the meaning is 'resist, though feebly, the destructive power of time, but their significance as a memorial is wholly lost' Here, as in some other places, Byron deepens the despondency or sarcasm of a remark, by first making a concession or exception, and then qualifying it; cp 3 1065.

817 *only not*, —cp note on l 57

819 The poet here resumes the contrast in respect of permanence between the works of nature and those of man, which he had introduced in stanza 85

821 *as when Minerva smiled*, —the olive was Athena's gift to Attica

824 *freeborn*, —contrasted with the servitude of the inhabitants

826. *Mendeli's marbles glare*, Mendeli was the corruption of the name Pentelicus that was in use at that time The quarries remain on the mountain-side from which the materials for the temples on the Acropolis were taken, and the white veins of the marble can be seen from Athens at a distance of 12 miles towards the north east

829 *is lost in vulgar mould*, —'is wasted in being common clay'

831 *the Muse's tales seem truly told*, —'we seem to realise the stories of the poets'

834 *deepening*, —'which appears deeper as we gaze at it'

835 *gone*, —'destroyed'

836 *shakes Athena's tower*, 'dilapidates the Parthenon' For 'tower' in this sense see note on l 17

gray Marathon, —'gray' refers to its venerable associations, see note on l 18

837, 8 Paraphrase thus —'All is the same, except that the inhabitants are slaves, the only change is the introduction of a foreign master' 'Are' is understood in the first line, 'the country is' in the second, the punctuation forbids us to take 'unchanged' with the 'Battle-field'

839 *its bounds and boundless fame*, —a form of contrast of which Byron is fond, cp l. 694 for the 'bounds' see l 848

840 *victim horde*, —see notes on l 791

841 *the brunt of Hellas' sword*, —'brunt' (der from *burn*) means 'heat of an onset,' 'force of a stroke' 'Hellas,' see note on l 1

842. *As on the morn*, —'as' depends on 'preserves' 'preserves the same boundaries and the same fame, as it did, &c.'

to distant Glory dear, —'to which the world looks back from afar'

with admiration and love' Notice the alliterations throughout this stanza and No 92, and see Essay on Style, 4 d (10), p 47

844 *Which uttered*,—'at the mention of which'

846 *his shaftless broken bow*,—'his'='with his,' but the effect of the omission of any connecting particle is to draw attention first to the main object to be noticed, and afterwards to the most important point of detail 'Bow' and 'spear' are the national weapons of the two sets of combatants The four first lines of this stanza should be compared in rhythm and mode of expression with l 576-9 and 882-5

848 *Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below*,—the plain of Marathon is enclosed on three sides by the rocky arms of Parnes and Pentelicus, while the fourth is bounded by the sea The poet has described the same features in his song, The Isles of Greece.

'The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea'

852 *Freedom's smile and Asia's tear*,—'the success of those who fought for freedom, the defeat and slaughter of the Asiatic invaders' Success and defeat are here represented by the signs of emotion produced by them

853 *the violated mound*,—the tumulus in the middle of the plain, which is the reputed burial-place of the Athenians who fell in the battle, was excavated not long before Byron's visit

857 *with th' Ionian blast*,—coming, like Childe Harold, from the West The 'Ionian blast' is the wind from the western sea, for the sea between Greece and Sicily was known as the *Ionium Mare* So Virgil (Aen 3 211) speaks of the Strophades islands to the west of Greece as 'Insulae Ionio in magno' At a later period the Ionian Islands received their name from the same

858 *Hail*,—'salute', cp l 643

859 *thine annals and immortal tongue*,—the history and language of Greece

863 *Pallas and the Muse unveil*,—sc Pallas to sages (see ll 1-3), the Muse to bards

864 *The parted bosom*,—'the heart of one separated from his family'

865 *ought that's kindred*,—'kindred,' being here used as an adj, must rather mean kindred in feeling than in blood, 'sympathetic.'

866 *He that is*,—this='whoever is'

867 *congenial*,—'suited to his tone of feeling'

868 *Greece is no lightsome land*,—the idea here expressed is worked out more fully in the comparison of Greece to the face of a corpse in the fine lines near the beginning of the Giaour, 'He who hath bent him o'er the dead, &c'

869 *may abide*,—‘may take up his abode there’

871 *side*,—‘mountain side’

872 The poem originally ended with this line, the rest was added as it was passing through the press

873. *this consecrated land*,—cp 1 828, ‘haunted, holy ground’

874 *in peace*,—‘unmolested’, as honoured guests, who are desired to ‘go in peace’

magic waste,—cp 11 830, 843

875 *busy*,—‘meddling’, cp ‘busybody’

878 *the remnants nations once revered*,—‘do thou (an individual) revele the remains of that which nations once revered’ For the condensed expression, cp 1 128, ‘the dust they loved,’ for ‘the dust of those whom they loved’

879, 80 *So may* *So may’st*,—probably this expression bears a different meaning in the two lines here, as in 1 897-9, where see note In that case, ‘so may’ is final (=‘that in this way,’ &c), ‘so may’st’ expresses a wish

thou,—the traveller, who is apostrophised in this passage

882 *For thee*,—‘as for thee,’ a form of address The line seems to have been suggested by one in Gray’s *Elegy*

‘For thee, who mindful of th’ unhonour’d dead’

883 *idlesse*,—archaic for ‘idleness,’ ‘leisure’

887. *ill*,—‘unsuitably’, ‘it would not be well for such a contest to move’

888 *nor . nor*,—for ‘neither nor’, cp 3 569, and ‘or or,’ 1 136

889 *cold each kinder heart*,—as being in the grave

890. *to please*,—*i. e.* for me to wish to please

891 *Thou too art gone*,—this is suggested by the last lines of the previous stanza It is not certain who the person was that is here referred to

893 *Who did*,—in ‘did’ for ‘didst,’ and ‘shrank’ for ‘shrankest’ in the next line, the strict form of the 2nd person sing is ignored

894 *one albeit unworthy thee*,—a mixed construction between ‘one unworthy thee’ and ‘me, albeit unworthy thee’

902 *now better far removed*,—because of the regret and discontent they engender

905 *The parent, friend*,—Byron’s mother died shortly after his return to England ‘Friend,’ see 1 73

907 *And grief, &c*,—‘the accumulation of sorrow has deprived me of the little joy, &c’

910 *all that Peace disdains to seek*,—‘the things that do not conduce to peace of mind’

912 *False to the heart*,—‘misinterpreting the real feelings.’

913 *to leave*,—‘the result of which is that it leaves’, for this use of ‘to’ expressing a result, cp 4 723 865

914 *Still o'er the features*, &c,—‘despite weariness (still), in the countenance, which they (revel and laughter) force to wear a cheerful aspect’ Cp Aesch Ag 794 ἀγέλαστα πρόσωπα βιαζόμενοι

915 *To feign*,—the construction is involved, but the meaning apparently is—‘revel and laughter distort the cheek, so as to feign’

923 *O'er hearts divided*,—‘o'er’=‘in the presence of,’ ‘pondering over’, ‘hearts divided,’ i.e. separated by death

924 *reckless*,—‘without heed of the rapidity of your flight’

925 *refl*,—part of *reave*, ‘to carry off’

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